Lib copy

ST. LOUIS
OUTLAW
25¢

Vol. 1 No. 3 JULY, 1970

"THIS SOCIETY WILL NOT TOLERATE VIOLENCE - IT'S THAT SIMPLE"

OUTLAW 2

Justice Department Tests Emergency Powers

Something very important to the whole anti-war movement and the whole country is happening in St. Louis. The federal government has indicted six people in connection with recent anti-ROTC demonstrations at Washington University. Napoleon Bland, a twenty-six year old black man, and Joel Achtenberg, twenty-three years old, have been indicted for sabotage and destruction of federal property.

Four others: Larry Kogan, 26; Ken Holder, 25; Howard Mechanic, 22; and William Bothwell have been indicted for interfering with police officers while protecting a federally protected activity.

Bland and Achtenberg face thirty years in jail and a ten thousand dollar fine while the others face five years and a ten thousand dollar fine.

The indictments, according to the St. Louis Post Dispatch, stem from a thorough and complete investigation by the FBI. The investigation was so thorough that one of the indictments, that issued against Ken Holder, had to be dropped after it was learned that he was in jail the night he allegedly interfered with a police officer.

The sabotage indictments charge that the defendants willfully destroyed a war facility and war material during a national emergency declared by the President of the United States. If you are now trying to remember when President Nixon declared a state of emergency in this country, don't bother. He didn't. Franklin Roosevelt declared one in 1941 and Harry Truman reaffirmed that state of national emergency after World War II ended. It has been in effect ever since.

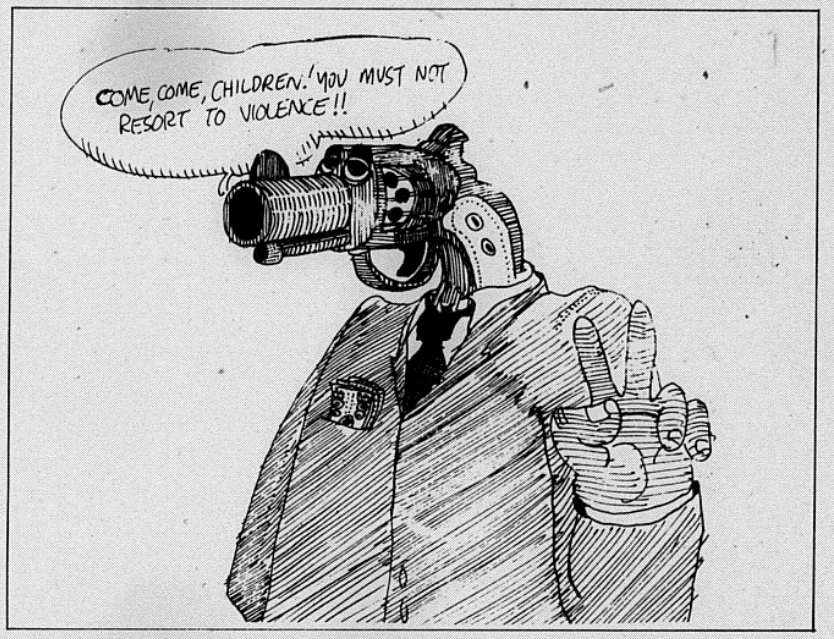
The use of emergency laws ushered in the McCarthy era during the 1950's. Remember those great days when the Communists were running our State Department and Russian spys were stealing all our secrets? Well the issuance of "sabotage" indictments (only the third and fourth ever issued against citizens of this country) may indicate that those happy days are here again.

Of course "emergency laws" have been used with much greater frequency in other countries than they have here. They were used in Germany during the 1930's to bring the Nazis to power and they are used regularly by Latin American dictatorships to call off elections. Can't happen here?

We think it can. There will of course be strictly Amerikan twists to our Fascism. Like the use of civil rights laws. Remember those laws we all worked so hard to pass; the ones that were supposed to give black people in this country the right to vote and black children the right to go to integrated schools? Well President Nixon and Attorney General Mitchell have decided that the use of those laws to protect black people is no longer in keeping with the "new mood" of the Amerikan people. So with admirable Yankee ingenuity the government has redirected the application of those laws and is now using them to prosecute anti-war activists. They employ the 1968 Civil Rights Act, first to prosecute the Chicago Seven, then the Weathermen, and now the campus anti-war activists at Washington University.

These things can be stopped but they must be stopped quickly. If Nixon and Mitchell can use "national emergency" laws and civil rights laws to prosecute anti-war activists without a challenge, then we will have moved a long way towards Fascism in this country. The government has picked this generally quiet city for this first major test of the "emergency" powers.

But the anti-war movement in St. Louis is not going to let this remain quiet. We are going to fight this with everything we have. Because of the seriousness of these cases and their possible national repercussions, the noted national constitutional law firm of Boudin and Rabinowitz has agreed to handle two of the cases. The defendants themselves have agreed to fight these cases (they could have split like so many others have done) but they think this case is important to the country.



Cultural Schizoid Quidbits

By Marvijuann

To hit up with, a short word on several groups that recently made appearances in the area . . . Jethro Tull and its goose-stepping flautist-chief satyr, Ian Anderson, overcame rather formidable handicaps such as rotten acoustics and personal illness . . . for them, still faith . . . Paul Butterfield did not do so well with his ever-changing entourage, their performance concentrating on neo-Coltrane solos by cats who wish they were . . . the English trio Clouds owes a tremendous debt to Beethoven and the Pentangle left me uncaptivated . . . Flock proved to be their usual substantial self even though not featuring much in the way of new material . . . as for Blue Cheer, their excessive volume, hipper-than-thou-attitude, and general unprofessionalism continue to keep them in the running for rectum of rock music . . . .

somewhere along the line, we were supposed to see Jimi Hendrix, Janis J. and Crosby with Co., but the strange string of Kiel Auditorium cancellations continued . . . one almost begins to wonder if some secret pressure is not being applied from vague ulterior demons . . . if anyone reading this column knows of public or private parks which would be pleasingly disposed to large congregations of visiting freaks digging on free rock music, would you please get in touch with me, care of St. Louis Outlaw, 4285 Olive St., St. Louis, 63108 . . . that also goes for any other items of interest related to this column . . . .

a fine group from Columbia, Mo., White Eyes, will hopefully make its debut in St. Louis soon . . . a rumor has it that a questionable contribution to culture-offensiveness, Hot Dog & the Buns, famous for their raucous, obscene musical assault, are in hiding for the summer, whipping it out every day and getting in shape for an attack on the big time, come September . . . the stooges' new bomb will soon be dropped . . . .

how about Warner Brothers for culprit of the year? . . . three and a half bucks for *Woodstock* is bull, especially when so many of our own brothers can't even get bread for legal defense . . . a pitiful, helpless blind-dog is the freak consumer not bugged by this travesty . . . an excellent interview with super-hedd William Burroughs in *Crawdaddy*, Vol. IV, No. 5 . . . this man knows more than all the fat cats in the whitewashington bureaucracy . . . was Russian classicist Mussorgsky an ergot hedd . . . listen to his *A Night on Bald Mountain* . . . .

am eagerly awaiting the first hard-hat album comprised of such luscious relevancies as *God Bless America* and *The Caisson Song* . . . it oughta be a bruiser . . . things we'd like to see — a local appearance by street-freak David Peel and his motleys . . . a duet album by Dr. John & Moms Mabley . . . some low price albums featuring speeches and commentary by guys from our side — namely Hoffman, Hayden, Genet, Brautigan, amongst scads of others . . . .

how in hell can Ray Stevens' piece of unmitigated trash titled *Everything is Beautiful* be the ranking number on Billboard's top-100 schmaltz-sheet . . . it's really sickening to realize that anyone would suck up that bummer so appallingly removed from the realities that claustrophobically surround us . . . .

brief laudatories — the following are a group of underrated and relatively unknown albums which deserve favorable notoriety . . . .

Charlie Haden's Liberation Music Orchestra (Impulse 9183) is an instrumental exploration into avant-garde expressionism conducted with concern, expertise, and sensitivity. The album conveys a poignant political message in its strikingly powerful freedom-music . . . .

Mantle-Piece by the Battered Ornaments (Harvest 422) is one of those recordings that gets more impressive with each listening. Leader Chris Spedding penned many of the songs in conjunction with Pete Brown, once lyricist for Cream. African and Asian influences pervade this work, which may be just a little too creative to achieve commercial acceptance . . . .

Stone the Crows (Polydor 4019) is an English quintet who have recently toured the country. They have two vocalists, bassist Jim Dewar and screecher Maggie Bell, who sounds like a cross between Joplin and Driscoll. Side two of the album is a seventeen minute piece called *I Saw America*, a combination of manifold influences. It is worth the price of the album, but for added interest side one has some fine blues-jazz fusionry . . . .

Knight of the Blue Communion (Epic 26500) is the first effort by harmonicist Peter Ivers and his octet, featuring the weirdly melodic vocals of Yolande Bavan. The songs revolve around a mystical interpretation of christianity laden with some satanic and masochistic overtones. This is a real freak-out, not rock, no strong beat, but a zombatic ride through some uncharted musical territory. Let the buyer beware . . . .

Leon Thomas' *Spirits Known and Unknown* (Flying Dutchman 115) is the first solo album by the East St. Louis bred nouveau experimental vocalist. Thomas sings pieces by Pharaoh Sanders, formerly with Coltrane, including the haunting tribute, *Malcolm's Gone Father*. This is jazz and jazz is back, stronger than ever, thanks to the recent innovations of Tony Williams, Miles Davis and Larry Coryell, to name just a few. Leon Thomas will be frequently heard from in the future . . . .

I admit to being a Doctor John addict and he's made it more monkey than ever with *Remedies* (Atco 316). The good Doctor is totally spaced and convincingly demonstrates it on such numbers as *Loop Garoo* (French for werewolf), *Wash Mama Wash* (with a wee bit of Band influence), and *Mardi Gras Day*. But the smasher is side two which features one long wig-up called *Angola Anthem*, a ditty that would grow hair on a eunuch. More van-van and early morning bat-brew to the king of vinyl sorcery, Mr. D.J. . . . .

other goodies: *Hoboken Saturday Night*, the second gig by Insect Trust (Atco 313); *Tapestry* by the New York Electric String Ensemble (Columbia 9992); and — for a pure, unadulterated greasy billy romp, Mr. Fug, Ed Sanders and his masterpiece, *Sanders' Truckstop*, (Reprise 6374) featuring the touching *Plaster Song*, dedicated to Chicago's lovelies, and *The ABM Machine*, dedicated to that old bullethead, Melvin Laird . . . .

next time: contusions and abrasions descending on the culture, courtesy graces of the prevalent vulture . . . . . .

Klayton's Kafka Kourt 'Restrains' Seven

Just as every cop is a criminal
And all the sinners saints
It's heads it's tails, just call me Lucifer
And I'm in need of some restraint.

— The Rolling Stones

By Devereaux Kennedy

On June 12, in the County courthouse in Clayton, the honorable George E. Schaaf did his part to reduce the violence in this country by sentencing seven anti-war demonstrators to jail terms and fines for their part in the May 4th action at Washington University.

Larry Kogan and Howard Mechanic were each sentenced to six months in jail and five hundred dollar fines for throwing fire crackers in the direction of police officers. William Bothwell and Margaret Murphy were each sentenced to four months in jail and a two hundred and fifty dollar fine. Margaret is alleged to have entered the school's ROTC building and Bill is accused of having thrown a rock at the building. Joel Achtenberg, Mike Ryan and Dennis Winkler were each sentenced to three months in jail and one hundred and fifty dollar fines. They too were accused of having thrown rocks and having made "loud and boisterous noise" in the vicinity of the ROTC building. These acts were cited as violations of a court restraining order which in effect prohibited disruptive activity on the property of WU.

Judge Schaaf denied probation to all the defendants because they were judged by state officers of probation and parole to have "bad attitudes toward the established system of law and order in this society." In sentencing defendant after defendant, Judge Schaaf commented much more on what the defendants were than upon what they did. Larry Kogan is twenty-six years old, has a masters degree in sociology and lacks only his dissertation for his Phd. He "should have known better than to use violence . . . What (he) did wasn't political dissent, it was violence." Howard Mechanic was accused of being "uncommunicative and elusive" toward his probation officer. William Bothwell and Mike Ryan were accused of "leading a nomadic existence" and of being "pretty contemptuous of the whole system right now." Margaret Murphy was accused of being 20 and of not having a job and not attending school. All the defendants were accused by the judge of having good families, good educations, and of giving society very little in return for what they had received from it.

In his pronouncements the judge seemed far more like a Calvinist preacher than a judge. His sermon was a simple one: "this society will not tolerate violence." It is clear from all his concluding statements that it was concepts and attitudes which were on trial, not criminal actions. To say that this was improper or contrary to the Amerikan system of justice would be to misconstrue the nature of the trial and to misinterpret the function of the Amerikan system of justice as a whole.

If the trial and what it means are to be understood, three things must be comprehended. First, the temporary restraining order — what it means and how it was used must be understood. Secondly, some understanding of Judge Schaaf both as a judge and as a man must be gained. Thirdly, and most important, it must be understood that this was neither a civil nor a criminal case; it was a political trial. These people were put in jail not because of any acts they may have committed but because they were acting upon their political (anti-war, anti-imperialist) beliefs.

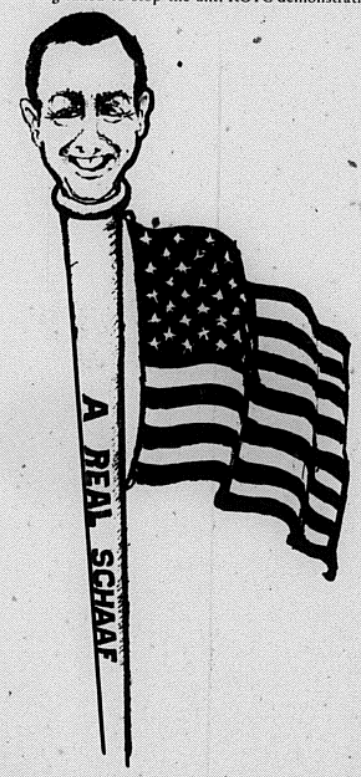
A temporary restraining order is both an emergency law and a class action. It is obtained by one party who claims that the actions of another party have created an emergency situation in which he is subjected to the possibility of serious injury. At the time of the issuance of the restraining order, the judge makes no judgment as to the truth of the plaintiff's claims. He issues a temporary restraining order on the grounds that an emergency situation exists and then sets a hearing at the earliest possible date to determine whether or not a permanent injunction should be issued. It is at this hearing that the decision is made as to the justice of the plaintiff's complaints against the defendant. But in the meantime anyone who violates the temporary restraining order is subject to charges of both civil and criminal contempt.

Washington University obtained a temporary restraining order against "an unnamed class of defendants of undetermined size" on March 24th. The hearing to determine whether or not the temporary restraining order should be made into a permanent injunction will be held on June 22. That is what passes for "the earliest possible date" in our court system. In the meantime, twelve people (including the seven sentenced on June 12th) have been convicted of contempt. These convictions will hold even if the judge decides that the University's claims were not justified. Why? Because that is the way emergency-law works.

Court injunctions and temporary restraining orders (TRO's) are class actions. They are used to help one party in a dispute and to hinder the other. Their use is not new, and contrary to widely held belief, they do not just make "illegal actions more illegal." Court injunctions and TRO's have been used by corporations against labor unions for years. In fact at the same time WU was petitioning for its TRO against anti-ROTC demonstrators, area trucking firms were obtaining their own against Local 600 of the Missouri Teamster Union. These court injunctions and TRO's are used to bar otherwise legal strike activities such as picketing. WU used its TRO to break the campus wide anti-war strike. At least one student, Bob Zeffert, was cited for contempt of court for his strike activities and numerous others were threatened with contempt citations if they did not cease manning militant picket lines. St. Louis University also obtained a court TRO to stop a strike by the school's black students and white supporters.

WU used its restraining order in a number of ways. Initially school officials had hoped that the issuance of the TRO would intimidate the anti-ROTC forces into inaction. This failed miserably. The TRO angered students originally ambivalent towards the anti-ROTC demonstrations. They felt that the university was using the courts to avoid facing the very real issues the anti-ROTC forces had presented. Students contemptously referred to the order as the "paper pig" and the ROTC demonstrations grew despite it.

Having failed to stop the anti-ROTC demonstrations,



the university adopted a Vietnam strategy. If they could not stop demonstrations then they could at least make them as expensive as possible in the hope that anti-ROTC forces would find them too costly to ever try again. Accordingly, they instructed one of their attorneys, Mr. Emdy, to hire photographers to take pictures of demonstrators. Later these photos were sorted and those demonstrators who were well known to students or considered "leaders" were cited for contempt.

The university always used its court order extremely selectively. School officials did not, for instance, use it against black students who in protest over the arrest of a black girl closed the school cafeteria by denying access to students and workers. Nor did they use it to cite right-wing students and non-students. Four students from Christian Brothers College who beat and severely injured one peaceful demonstrator were not cited for contempt, though their names were known to the police and to the university. The university did not use its court order against students who fought with picketers during the strike.

The university only issued contempt citations against carefully selected anti-war students who were well known on the campus both for their political beliefs and for their activism. That is why Larry Kogan, Howard Mechanic, Dennis Winkler, Margaret Murphy, Joel Achtenberg, Mike Ryan and Bill Bothwell were cited for contempt and put on trial by WU.

The restraining order was issued by Judge Schaaf and accordingly contempt cases were also heard by him. Judge Schaaf is not a vindictive sub-human dinosaur like Judge Hoffman or the three "hanging judges" of St. Louis' federal district court. Schaaf is considered to be the most liberal judge in St. Louis county; even the defense attornies referred to him as "a nice guy" and "a fair man." At the end of the trial Larry Kogan was to accuse Schaaf of thinking more of his election than of justice. But before his last election, Judge Schaaf had ruled in favor of blacks in an open housing dispute. In conservative St. Louis county, that could not have been a popular decision. Judge Schaaf's courage in that instance, however, was not to insure his impartiality in trying this case.

The Judge personally believed "that black people were entitled to a piece of the action too." But Judge Schaaf did not believe in the use of political violence (and by violence he meant entering other people's buildings as well as throwing rocks or fire-crackers). The judge was against the use of violence by anyone (except of course the state — he did not voice any objections to the use of either police or military violence during the course of the trial), whether he be right or left. He said once during the trial that he didn't like seeing "hard hats beating up students with peace signs . . . that made (him) mad. People had the right to carry peace signs but they didn't have the right to commit violence."

And that is what this trial was all about to Judge Schaaf. Throughout the testimony it was clear what was on the Judge's mind: he was distinguishing between political dissent and violence. The first amendment gives a man the right to think or write anything he chooses, but it does not give him the right to act militantly on the basis of those beliefs. That was what the "trial" or "contempt hearing" was all about to Judge Schaaf, and his rulings all reflected this belief.

The trial itself was over before it began. The defendants were found guilty before they ever entered the courtroom. Their lawyers, Joe Cohn, Lou Gilden and Frank Ruppert (Joel Achtenberg was defended by his father) gained the admiration of everyone in the courtroom with their skillful, thorough, and often eloquent defense. But as Clay Claiborne (jailed in an earlier anti-ROTC protest) has pointed out, in political trials the judge takes his notes on the defense testimony upon magic slates. His mind is already made up. The defense lawyers tried to introduce testimony proving that the court order was being used selectively — the judge refused to hear any such testimony.

The defendants were brought to trial on the basis of an affidavit signed and sworn to by WU Vice Chancellor Robert Reinhart. The defense subpoenaed Reinhart and other top university officials, all of whom testified that no high university official had made any effort to determine whether or not the information contained in the affidavit was true. They testified to this despite the fact that Reinhart had sworn that the affidavit was true "to his best knowledge and belief" at the time he signed it. They simply assumed that their attorneys, William and Perry Bascomb (who also, conveniently enough, were appointed special prosecutors for this trial), had investigated before they drew up the affidavits. The defense then moved that the case be dismissed on the grounds that the defendants had been brought to trial on the basis of "hearsay based upon hearsay" rather than real evidence. William Bascomb then replied that "hearsay based upon hearsay is at the very heart of the administrative system." The judge promptly denied the defense motion.

Prosecution witness Helen T. Spigel (known affectionately to students as "Trudi") testified that she had seen Joel Achtenberg, Mike Ryan, Bill Bothwell and Dennis Winkler throw stones. Upon cross examination she admitted that what she saw the defendants do was appear to make throwing motions which could also have been the clenched fist "right on" gesture. Upon convicting the defendants, the judge said he did so because he believed Trudi Spigel when she said she saw the defendants throw rocks. That Mrs. Spigel testified to no such thing did not seem to matter.

The sole prosecution witness against Larry Kogan and Howard Mechanic was Dick Bird, well known conservative law student at WU. Bird testified that he had seen Larry Kogan throw a cherry bomb at a police officer and that he had seen Howard Mechanic fire a cherry bomb from a sling shot at a police officer. Upon cross examination it became clear that Bird's testimony was filled with what might discreetly be called "inconsistencies." The sworn deposition Bird had taken a week earlier and his testimony on the stand were totally at odds with one another. On the stand he testified that he had seen Howard Mechanic take a cherry bomb from a third person, place it in a sling shot, then fire the sling shot at the police officer. On his

→ 4

←3

deposition Bird had testified that he had seen "what might have been a cherry bomb" thrown from "the vicinity" of where Howard Mechanic was standing. Was what he had said in his deposition true? Yes. Was what he said on the stand true? Yes. What accounted for the difference between deposition and testimony? Well, after Bird saw what appeared to be a cherry bomb come from the vicinity of Howard Mechanic (and a crowd of other people) he later saw what looked like a sling shot in Howard's hands so "naturally" he "assumed" that Howard Mechanic had fired a cherry bomb at a police officer from a sling shot. Was it possible that Mechanic had not fired the cherry bomb? Even Bird admitted it was possible. But Judge Schaaf admitted no such possibility. He concluded solely on the testimony of Dick Bird that Howard Mechanic was guilty "beyond a reasonable doubt" and sentenced him to six months in jail and a five hundred dollar fine.

The rest of the trial went much the same. The defense pointed out that on the basis of his own testimony, Bird was not looking at Larry Kogan when he allegedly saw him throw a stone. The defense introduced witnesses who testified that Howard Mechanic and Larry Kogan were nowhere near each other all evening. (Bird had testified that Kogan and Mechanic were within ten feet of one another when he saw them throw fire-crackers.) The defense also presented witness after witness to testify that the defendants had committed no illegal acts that night.

None of the evidence made any difference because the trial was a political one, and what was on trial were beliefs, not actions. The trial was political, first of all because the issuance of the restraining order the seven allegedly violated was itself political. It was issued to help WU keep ROTC and to hamper those who wanted ROTC abolished. The university's use of the restraining order once it was obtained was political. It was used selectively and discriminately against a certain few students with certain political beliefs and certain reputations. The trial was political, finally of course because Judge Schaaf decided the case on the basis of politics rather than on the basis of evidence.

That a strong possibility existed that the defendants he sentenced on June 12th were in fact not guilty of the things they were accused did not seem to matter. What they were accused of was violence, and violence was not to be tolerated or dealt with leniently in his courtroom. That was the message George Schaaf was trying to get across in this trial.

What was on trial in Judge Schaaf's mind and in the mind of his constituents was the use of political violence by the left against the established order. Whether or not the individual had committed the particular acts of which they were accused was unimportant. They were all members of a political group which was anti-militarist, anti-imperialist, and revolutionary in perspective. To expect that they would be judged on the basis of the evidence against them rather than on the basis of their political beliefs would be naive. That is why the seven defendants were convicted before they ever entered the court room. There is no such thing as a fair trial for revolutionaries; and in a very real sense there is no such thing as a fair trial for most people in Amerika.

Most trials are political. Anyone who is familiar with a city police court knows that in cases where the testimony of defense witnesses contradicts that of a police officer, it is the police officer who is believed. What is that if not a statement that those who are agents of the state are by definition more trustworthy than those who are not? Anyone who has sat in our courtrooms and day after day seen black people and poor people (unable to post bond or to hire their own attorney) plead guilty on the advice of a "public defender" — knows that they are convicted because of what they are, not what they might have done. Anyone who thinks honestly about the established legal violence of Amerika's military, committed under orders from their commander-in-chief, knows that those who make the law rarely have to face it.

That is why in Amerika virtually all trials are political trials and all prisoners are political prisoners. That is why in our society the right to a fair trial exists far more frequently on television and in detective stories than it does in the Amerikan court rooms. And that of course is why seven revolutionaries were sentenced to jail by Judge Schaaf on the basis of their beliefs rather than their deeds.

Neighborhood Celebrates Pig Roast in Gaslight

By Marvijuann

A two-day bacchanalian pig-roast and scarf-in was held May 22 and 23 in the luxurious back yard and alley behind the former location of Tortilla Flat, 4200 block of Olive Street. The once opulent while barbaric tourist area known as Gaslight Square had become much of a ghost stretch during the previous year, with the only mainstays being KDNA radio and O'Connell's Pub. But the pig roast was intended to usher in a new feeling of community spirit and togetherness. It was planned as a celebration for the opening of Mr. Ben Davis' community center, located next door to the former tortilla palace. And the diverse group of denizens still frequenting the square came out in large force for the two nights of friendly rapping and Ripple downing. The pig itself, a 110-pound juicy morsel, provided the only problem due to his refusal to get sufficiently charred on the open pit flame. However late on the second evening, Mr. Pork was greedily ingested by the more hearty merrimakers. More social events are being planned by the Page's-In-Exile Ad Hoc Committee.

Outlaw Captured At Kickapoo Creek

By Jeff Wheatley

Early in the evening on the last night of the Kickapoo Creek Festival I was standing just off U.S. 51 near the road that led back to the festival grounds, waiting for the people I was with to pick me up and go home.

When we had arrived that weekend the dust was stifling, but it soon turned to mud when it started raining. Despite the rain and the poor facilities we had a tremendous time! Everywhere people were willing to help each other in any way they could, and the grounds resembled a huge medieval carnival with brightly colored tents dotting the countryside. Now I stood at the junction, tired, muddy, and hair tangled, with three bundles of Outlaws that I had been distributing at the festival, waiting for my ride home.

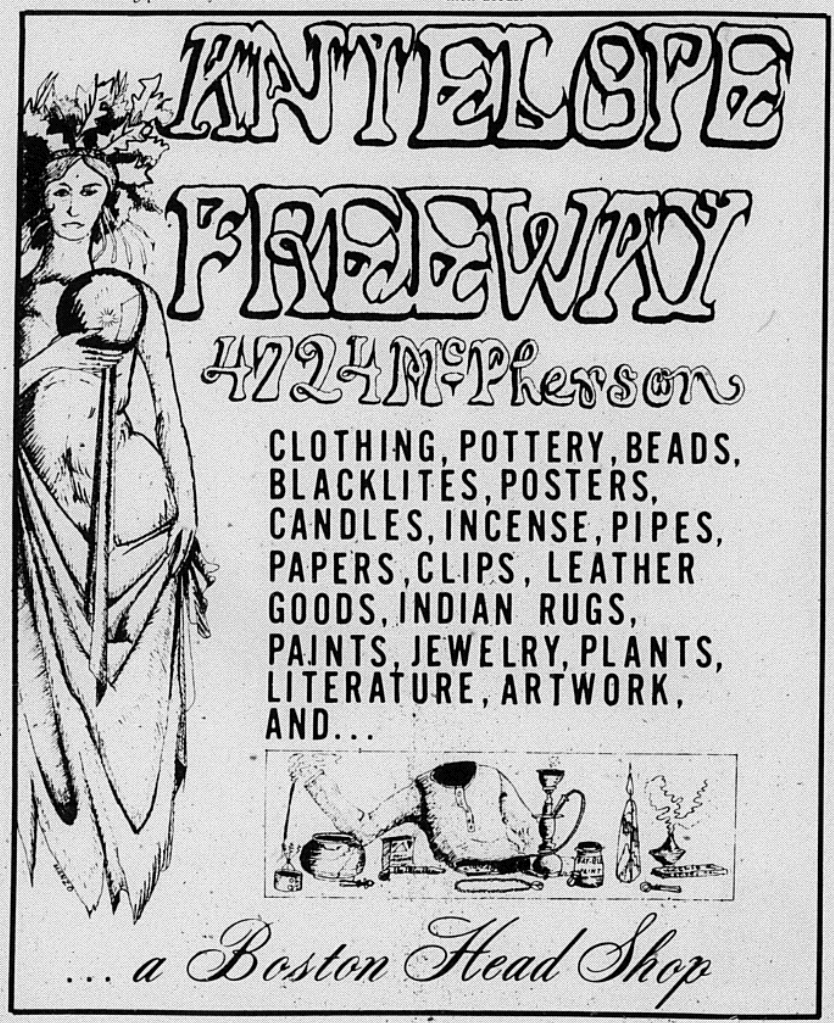
As I stood there, a state trooper (there were about eight of them standing around joking about the freaks leaving the festival and a couple directing traffic) crossed the highway, walked up to me, and asked what I was selling. Suspecting some kind of law that I knew nothing about, I replied that I was selling nothing. I added that he could have a paper and make a contribution if he liked it. He then asked me for one and gave me a quarter. The scene was repeated when another trooper appeared.

It seemed to me, then, that there was no law forbidding the sale of the papers since, it seems, that if there were such a law, I would have been told so by the cop and he would not have bought a paper. So when a lady asked me for a paper, I sold her one and was immediately busted. I was taken to the Maclean County Jail in Bloomington, Illinois, not being allowed to wait for my friends to explain to them what had happened. I found out later that they drove around two hours looking for me.

At headquarters, they took my personal belongings including my belt (at which point my pants proceeded to drop, but I still didn't get my belt back). After reading one of the papers in the amazing record-breaking time of thirty seconds, one of them commented that "Karl Marx couldn't have done any better" and I became the local communist. I made my phone call and was jailed.

Here I might make the point that these cops were of a peculiar breed. To them, anyone on the other side of the bars was lowly and dirty. Only when one would "yes

→10



How Ma Bell Treats Her 'Girls'

From TOOTH AND NAIL

When people come into contact with a Phone Company employee, usually the operator, they are ready to scream. If the operator were to respond humanly to this rage, and reveal her own rage, total bedlam would ensue. The primary quality required of an operator is maintaining a courteous front at all times, to prevent violent interchange. Over the phone the operator must totally erase herself. She cannot make jokes, show anger, reveal emotion.

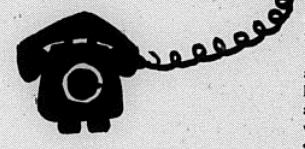
Inside the Phone Company office, as well, operators are forced to totally deny their personalities. Each operator's office contains two long rows of switchboards with 25 "girls" to a row. The operator must enter her chair from the left and leave from the right. She must face the switchboard at all times, never turning her eyes to the side or looking behind her. She may not cross her legs. She may not swing her arm across the back of the chair. She may not chew gum but may suck quietly on a life saver if she must. If she needs help, she turns on a light above her seat which summons the supervisor, who stands behind the operator and converses with her through the circuits. This method of communication is rude and dehumanizing.

The operator is always referred to as "she" and the customer is "he," "She" must always be respectful to the customer. Even if "he" calls her a "filthy bitch" she does not have the right to express anything but courteous acceptance.

An operator may never interrupt a customer who is rambling off "his" name, address and phone number too fast. She must wait until "he" has finished and then ask him to repeat it all again. And the operator takes the blame if "he" gets angry at having to repeat his information.

The operator is expressly forbidden to show any humanity to either the calling party, the other operators, or the called party (unless, of course, a mother should break down on the phone because her son has been wounded in Vietnam, in which case the operator may mumble some condolence, but not too much.)

Correspondence or a friendly word to a familiar operator's voice is grounds for a reprimand. One woman who has been an overseas operator for 30 years got to know a Saigon operator through letters and occasional greetings on the job. The Saigon operator married a GI and came here to visit the US operator. Ever since then, the American operator has been forbidden to work the Saigon circuits.



Repression of any possible humanity is aided by TPC language, consisting of the abbreviations and initials operators use with each other, pat phrases for customers, and the exaggerated enunciation required (careful, modulated tones which often lead to the nasal "operator voice" – a fine cover-up for the rage burning deep inside the average operator.)

Think of the operator as a private, and the supervisor as a PFC. The supervisor's job is a little higher in status than the operator's but she is in constant danger of being "busted back to the board.' (A 62-year-old woman who has been working at TPC since she was 19 was made a supervisor after 32 years on the job. After 9 years as a supervisor she was busted back to the board and it took the union 2 years to get her back to supervisor.) It usually takes less than a year to become a supervisor. The company holds out the chance of climbing the hierarchy but normally only to the position of supervisor or upstairs secretary, since management rarely comes up through the ranks these days but comes straight from college.

The supervisor determines her charges' progress by monitoring them – listening in on them unannounced. Above the supervisor is the ATOM (Assistant Traffic Operating Manager). The ATOM monitors the supervisors under her as well as the operators under her supervisors. The ATOM relays orders from the TOM (Traffic Operating Manager) who has some 300 girls under her.

Everyone in the office, including the ATOMS, is monitored by the TOM from her office inside a glass cage at the side of the room. And up on the 5th floor, the Public Utilities Commission is monitoring the TOM monitoring the customer's phone call.

The TOM is the only woman who meets with THE MEN – the executives. Whenever they come to check the office or bring in visitors, the TOM is the official greeter. As they enter her office, the TOM rushes to tell THE ATOMS to tell the supervisors to tell the operators to lower their voices, swallow their gum, hide their life-savers, and give the impression of quiet efficiency. The operators in pants must hide in the back of the room (Once when the MEN came through, the TOM sent four women home for wearing pants).

The MEN come through the office and look around as they graciously chat with the TOM and compliment her on her "good group of girls." The MEN also shop around for particularly attractive and well-groomed girls who might be given the honor of a job upstairs as a secretary at higher pay.

This regimentation and terminology may remind you of the army – such as the "Induction Center" where operators report for orientation. The ATOMS and the TOM are the brass. Work schedules are called "Tours of Duty." Everyone belongs to the "force."

The phone company also resembles elementary school. The building itself (a Defense Facility, with entrances policed by two rent-a-fuzz who check passes) is barren. Noses are counted every 15 minutes to insure that operators do not play hookey.

If an operator wants to go to the toilet, she puts on her overhead light to signal the supervisor. When the supervisor comes, the operator says, "May I have a minute?" (Saying anything but this euphemism causes raised eyebrows). If permission is granted the operator signs out and must be back in 3 minutes. Operators may not smoke in the john while "on a minute."

Operators must conform to dress regulations. The Union won the right for women to wear slacks, but then passed another regulation specifying that the demand did not include blue jeans. Supervisors are told that pants means no promotion.

Operators live in parallel isolation from one another. Since the possiblity of relating to the "girl" two inches from her left elbow is slight, the only time to be together is during the two 15 minute breaks and the ½ hour lunch. And any two people do not have the same breaks for any sustained period of time.

The cafeteria is a grim room where inedible food can be bought for outrageous prices. With only a half hour for lunch, the operator is forced to eat there or bring her lunch. (On the graveyard shift, the cafeteria is closed and operators must walk to an all-nite plastic diner.) Each office has its own lunch table and the familiar faces talk to each other about the terrible day they're having, the cranky customers, the utter frustration of trying the same calls for 2½ hours, and nagging bitchiness of supervisors who hate "new girls" for their ineptness. (Almost everyone is a "new girl" – the turnover rate if 60 per cent in six months.)

Since an operator is never allowed to react on the spot, it all builds up inside. No matter how much she hates telling her little anecdotes during break, she finds herself doing it. She just has to get it out and search for sympathy. She receives a little support from the other "girls" and goes back to the board to begin again.

That women operators are policed and bossed by women makes the work experience even more devastating. Woman managers are in a far less secure position than men; they must continually fight to maintain control where men can assume it. Besides, they have to contend with women who act like themselves when men aren't around. Operators dress for comfort, are less disguised by makeup, are less shy, less careful about what they say, and, in general, harder to control than if they were typists in an office under men. In order to maintain control, women managers are forced to conduct constant campaigns to humiliate "their girls."

Men bosses are duty-bound to respect the myth of the "mysterious" woman. In the Man's world, women are considered empty-headed fools. But no man would dare tell them how to dress, when to go to the bathroom, or take an aspirin. TPC's military discipline is maintained through women bosses who, by virtue of their sex, are granted the license to investigate and regulate all habits, personality traits, and the normally regarded "private spheres" of an employee's life.

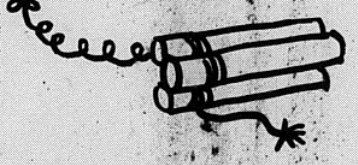
The boss has the right to refuse bathroom permission to an operator, to veto the kind of perfume she wears, to pull her into the glass cage and lecture her about her body odor, her hairstyle, her vocabulary or her life insurance. TPC grants no sick leave to "girls" and a sick operator may be denied permission to go home and rest: the ATOM considers herself competent to diagnose illness and prescribe medicines which the operator is forced to swallow.

Women managers must do these things because, as women, their authority is constantly under question, and because with no men around, women do become more "natural" and less willing to be servants.

Sitting motionless in a confined position for long hours, the combined physical and emotional constriction required, the para-military organization, the constant petty, arbitrary harassment and humiliation (all at a wage scale lower than that of most men), the operator's job is brutal and lobotomizing. TPC understands that women from 15-25 and mothers who need staggered hours are the only ones who would put up with these conditions for an instant.

Understanding the special indignities and degradation working women are subjected to is only a first step. No one has yet figured out how to hurdle the enormous obstacles of building a movement of women workers. Women, the most despised caste within society, have little leverage on the job. Existing unions are controlled by men for men and refuse to fight against women's oppression. Furthermore, many women who work go home at night to another full day's work of child-care and housework. Burdened by two jobs at the price of half of one, we have little time to spare. Kept out of the world in an isolated and marginal existence, we have little understanding that power relationships exist at all, and our egos were long ago smashed by despair.

We've got a tough job ahead, but the rage is there and will some day explode.



Yippies Disillusioned; Bombing Permit Denied

By Frank Abbot
Detroit South End (UPS)

What with all the bombings going on, like the ones of Mobil, IBM, and Sylvania headquarters in New York, some crazies have attempted to channel their bombings constructively.

However, in their first dealing with the city of Detroit, under the heavy hand of Mayor Roamin' S. Gribbs, the Youth International Party was recently denied a permit to demolish the General Motors Building.

The Parkin' Meter Yippies requested the permit "so as not to inconvenience anyone who might wish to be using the building." Citing the many ecological, political and social offenses committed by General Motors on the peoples of the world, the Yippies respectfully requested the permit one Tuesday last month.

It was denied on Thursday.

"Hell," grumbled Yippie Spokesman Jumpin' Jack Flash, "it ain't fair. You gotta be a corporation or a country to go around blowing stuff up. I mean, GM is clogging up Amerika's lungs, they're keeping South Africa alive by squashing black people and they make crummy cars. They go around defying government orders. We don't do that."

A spokesman for the City Clerk's office (who delined to give his name) asked, "Who would want to do that?" When told that the Yippies were interested, he replied, "How can they get a permit to do something as silly as that? Things like that are done on the sly."

Walking out of the City Clerk's office, the Yippies looked glum. "This destroys my last hope for legal channels," spoke Jumpin' Jack. "I've been listening to people telling kids to go through channels and finally we tried and look where it's gotten us. They tell us to do it illegally."

Rainy Daze

St. Louis Underground Rock Club

COMING ATTRACTIONS

Tues. June 30 — Frank Zappa's *Alice Cooper*

Tues. July 7 — From England *Brian Auger & the Trinity*

14100 Olive St. Rd.

CALL OUR RECORDING – 469-1564

Write On

"I Tried"

To the Editor:

I was Features Editor of my school publication. And I'd just like to say, I tried. After working for nine months on my school paper, I know what total and true frustration is. Our paper was censored and there was nothing I could do about it. I know what it's like to be forced to print a "censored puff sheet." I know what it's like to look around and see my brothers dying in Vietnam and have to print basketball scores.

Being a freak, it made it even harder to stand by and print a lot of watered down bull. My soul bled every time a new puff sheet came out. I tried to write (in the mildest form and language of course) articles with some sort of relevancy about Alice's Restaurant, air pollution, Donovan, and KDNA. Each one was frowned upon by the administration (who paid the printing bills).

I could not write about anything closely pertaining to the drug scene, war protests (even peaceful ones like the moratoriums), the Chicago Seven's Trial and the draft. It was not allowed.

I don't know if any of the subjects that I did write (or rather was allowed to write about) made any dent on the student body. But, by God, I TRIED! I didn't get a case of stomach ulcers for nothing.

I just wanted to let you know that school papers aren't always what the editor wants or anyone for that matter. I'm not trying to excuse myself (or my particular puff sheet) but just that it wasn't what I wanted but what THEY wanted. Sometimes I wonder if I had fought "the establishment" just a little harder things might have been different. Now I'll never know.

Sincerely yours,
Margie Boese

Really Angry

Dear Outlaws,

I am really angry at the way you treated the letter from Eddie Hadas in your second issue. The letter has some valid criticisms of the *Outlaw*. Your newspaper *could* benefit from greater conciseness, less arrogance and rhetoric, and a greater awareness of the radical community in St. Louis other than the Washout ROTC scene.

But instead of responding to these criticisms, you resorted to one of the most low-down journalistic tricks in the book: putting (sic) after every misspelled word, and headlining the letter "Intelligent???". Not only is this cheap journalism and a cowardly way of handling criticism, it's an all too typical example of where college radicalism is at.

One of the greatest frustrations I've felt in the movement in the last few years is that college radicals often prove to be white-middle-class-college-students first, and radicals second. Just this week a friend watched a student with a red fist T-shirt load golf clubs into his '70 Riviera to head home for the suburbs. All the talk about making a revolution with poor, black and Third World peoples goes out the window if it means sacrificing any of those white middle class values and privileges.

And so with this letter. Did it *ever* occur to you that good spelling is *not* relevant to making a revolution; that poor, black and Third World people do not generally speak or write the King's English? Even if you're still so heavy into the middle class bag that you look down on poor spelling or grammar, I'd think you'd be hip enough to hide the fact.

I suggest you get off your campus and work with a few "oppressed people" instead of just talking about them. Maybe this would put a few dents in your arrogance.

Alfhild Larson

The Big Fish

Editor

WANTED

Information leading to the arrest and/or conviction of any person or persons, who deliberately and maliciously ripped off our Doris Bass posters.

I mean, like that's a rotten thing to do to anybody! One solid week we (yippie and I) spent in the preparation of posterizing billboard Amerika. And then we did it . . . Stenciled F*CK in brilliant day-glow red right smack across every poster face of Doris that we could find. She's both your hero and mine – Right! Sure she is. We were really feeling up and then boom! We got out to check our posters and here some mother had gone and ripped the goddam things down! We're sick of this shit!

Man, like it's hard enough work getting all that shit together without you romanticists out there in PIG AMERIKA bogginh us down with your chilfish pranks. (You know who you are.) YOU PUNKS!! Lay off, will ya! We got the right to campaign for our candidate too, you know. And we can do without your kind of help. Have you ever tried to cut f*ck out of cardboard for a stencil? It ain't easy – mother!

We're sorry to be so blunt, but Doris is the best yippie we got here in St. Louis, and we don't want you balling her up with your pigamism. Who else can we get to STAMPOUT f*ck but the "Big Fish." (All her friends call her this.)

So, being peaceful souls, we plead with you one more time to just let Doris and our campign alone. We don't mean to threaten, BUTTTT – unless you cease your outrageous assault on the "B.F.", we will be forced to rip out your hearts.

Sincerely,
Yellow Yippie/Red Zark

T.V. Drama Features Right Wing Politics

By Roz Leiser

Since its inception, T.V. has been the most widespread means of making mindless morons out of Amerikans. It used to be mostly through advertisinga and keeping our consciousness filled with absurd stories of other people's tragedies, to make our own lives seem bearable, and mindless mush of the Andy Griffith variety, passed off as comedy. Lately, however, with the threat of revolution becoming more real, propaganda has come into the open on T.V.

It's bad enough that the Richard Nixon show has become an almost weekly special. After the first one, double speak "war is peace" lost its comic value, and we know that Nixon's clenched fists aren't "right on" gestures. But now, more and more regular T.V. series feature cops as their heroes (replacing the doctors and lawyers of past years), and, adding insult to injury, have plot and scripts like Ironsides, of Thursday, June 4.

Here, Raymond Burr, who will always be Perry Mason to me, the tough crippled super pig, is called in to negotiate for the release of some captured Amerikan prisoners. The prisoners are good, patriotic, CIA men and the nasty commies of the "Democratic People's Republic" (read, North Korea, North Vietnam, Red China, Red Cambodia, or other creeping yellow peril) claim that they were on an illegal mission. Perry is a little worried that the CIA men have been brainwashed by the commies, but his anxiety is eased when he realizes that the first initials in their names on a picture spell "SNOW JOB" (ah, resourceful CIA agents, clever Perry). After a few blatantly racist remarks about the "Oriental mystique of wanting to save face" (unlike Dick Nixon who shows no concern with that primitive idea), Perry and his Uncle Tom aide set out for Paris.

After the first commercial, the plot thickens (to about the consistency of wallpaper paste). The commie negotiating team consists of: Fang, an old, not-quite-so-bad-guy, who unfortunately is under strict orders from the dictatorship at home; Sung, the prototype young, ruthless, amoral, totally despicable evil commie; Si, the commie cop, a Charlie Ghan figure; and a young chickee who quickly becomes friendly with Uncle Tom.

The chickee and Uncle Tom have many profound

→ 10

The OUTLAW is an independent, radical newspaper published semi-monthly, affiliated with KDNA Radio, 102.5 FM. Editorial and business offices: KDNA Radio 4285 Olive, St. Louis, Missouri 63108. Telephone 652-6161 or 862-3857.

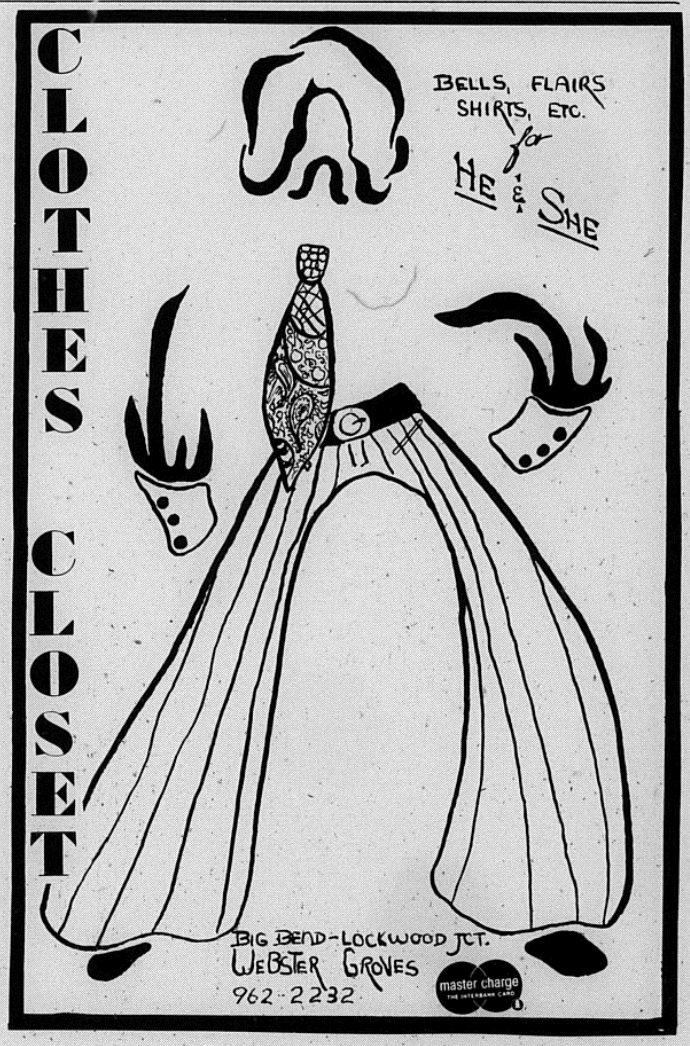
Articles and letters are eagerly accepted. All material must carry the signature and phone number of the author, but names will be withheld on request.

Cost per issue: 25¢. Subscriptions are $5 per year. Distributors are needed; call for details. Reasonable advertising rates, call for details.

Credits

Illustrations this issue were done by Don Breidenbach. The photos of the hard hats were taken by Kirk Hogan.

LISTEN TO KDNA — 102.5 FM



Nixon Fiddles While Workers Burn

By George Lipsitz

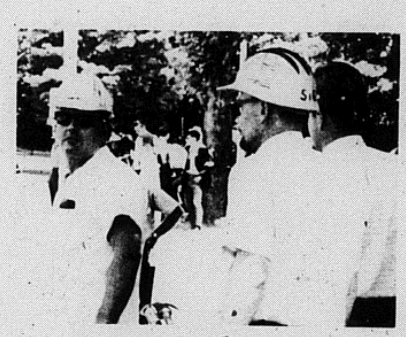
St. Louis's "hard hat" march on June 7 to support President Nixon's war policies, billed as the largest demonstration in the city's history, turned out to be a big fiasco when only 15,000 (by police and media estimates) of the expected 100,000 showed up. Those who did appear were a confused mixture of veterans groups, workers, old ladies, and representatives from various right wing groups.

However it is all too easy to dismiss the sentiment behind the march by pointing to its weak points or by focusing on the incidents of violence which occurred. Those things are important, but they should not be used to cover up the very real frustrations felt by working people in this country which make a "hard hat" march possible.

For too long now, people have dismissed workers in this country as "fat cats", privileged individuals making good money whose only interests are in hating black people and supporting wars. That attitude is wrong on many counts, but its worst feature is its inability to see the real condition of workers and the ways in which racism and patriotism are used against them to cheat them out of their own interests.

American workers are not satisfied; if anything they are the most dissatisfied group in the nation today. Support for George Wallace, wildcat strikes against the wishes of their own unions, "hard hat" attacks on students, and the incredibly widespread use of drugs among young workers are all different manifestations of the discontent of working people.

The reasons for that discontent are not hard to find. Most people's jobs are senseless and boring and make them so tired that they spend their leisure time trying to forget what they do at work. Inflation and taxes take



away a lot of the money that workers make (some pay as much as a third of their income in taxes) and their jobs and incomes are not nearly as secure as popular myths would have it.

In the construction industry, which is known for its high hourly salaries, the average earning for a worker in 1966 was $6,172 as compared with an average wage in manufacturing of $6,786. Seasonal lay-offs and the fragmented nature of employment in construction (the largest employer in the construction business employs only one per cent of the work force) make what are reputed to be comfortable jobs into not so secure ones which pay far less than people need to live.

A U.S. Department of Labor survey in St. Louis in 1967 said that for a family of four to live comfortably it would require an income of $9,000. Add to that problems of inflation or unexpected medical bills, and the average worker has to hold two jobs or have more than one person in the family working. That of course only increases unhappiness — two people working at boring, hard jobs just to make ends meet.

Under normal conditions that situation is enough to cause widespread discontent, but today that worker is even further threatened by the economic policies of the Nixon administration. Taking the example of the construction industry again, one of the first anti-inflation moves taken by the Nixon administration was to cut back 75 per cent of all federal construction expenditures. Nixon's reason for that decision was that high wages in construction cause people to have too much money and cause inflation, yet 85 per cent of the costs of construction are for material, land, and profits, while only 15 per cent goes to wages. As a result, the average construction worker finds himself and his family severely threatened both by inflation and by the measures which are supposed to combat it.

The threat to job security by the Nixon administration has come from more sources than the anti-inflation monetary policies. In the last few months, Nixon has taken several steps to totally break the power of unions in this country. Since February, Nixon has made the following moves against labor:

1. Nixon appointed a panel which recommended that the right to vote be taken away from the rank and file in the construction industry and be reserved only to top negotiators. Labor Secretary Schultz said: "The whole concern here is to avert the growing rejection of contracts by the rank and file".

2. Nixon unveiled an "emergency disputes plan" for the transportation industry. This plan would allow a special board appointed by Nixon to impose compulsory, final and binding settlements in strikes where the Taft-Hartley Law had been invoked. The plan calls for the panel to select in its entirety the best offer of either management or labor and impose it as the settlement.

3. Nixon supported a bill to outlaw multiple union bargaining as in the GE strike in which 14 unions united to defeat the company's traditional "take it or else" policy, and to outlaw national contracts and industry wide strikes.

4. Supreme Court Chief Justice Burger has served notice that he will seek court rulings to give the states, instead of the National Labor Relations Board, the right to regulate picketing — such as banning picketing private property and limiting the number of pickets.

5. Attorney General Mitchell has called for new laws to extend the number of crimes under which labor leaders could be kept out of union office upon conviction as was done with Jimmie Hoffa.

6. Nixon appointed Clement Haynsworth and Harold Carswell to the Supreme Court; both of them are known for their anti-union biases.

7. The Justice Department implied that the Emergency Detention Act could be used against unions.

8. Nixon used the National Guard to try to break the strike of postal workers in New York.

Coupled with Nixon's monetary policies to raise unemployment and lower the income of workers, these polices are designed to meet the growing crisis of the economy by placing the burden of the crisis on workers.

However, many people who recognize the precarious position of working people in the society feel there is no potential for labor to become a progressive force again because they believe that workers are too closely tied to imperialism and racism and that it would not be in labor's self-interest to fight those things. On the surface, it does appear that white workers hate blacks because they feel they might lose their jobs to black people and that white workers support imperialism because they receive a high standard of living from the oppression of people in Asia, Africa, and Latin America. However, a closer look shows that racism and imperialism are not traits particularly of the working class, and in fact those things are traps which oppress the white worker as well. While it is true that a white worker in this country is not as exploited as the blacks or the people of the Third World, his well being is in fact harmed by their oppression.

The existence of a super-exploited work force of blacks is used to depress the wages received by whites by the threat of hiring blacks who have to accept lower wages due to racism. In this way, workers are pitted against each other with the result being a loss in wages for both black and white. Furthermore, the very employers who perpetrate this system of racism and try to use racial hatred for their own ends are also able to portray the workers as racist when they try to break up their unions thereby isolating the workers from liberal support. A case in point is the Philadelphia Plan which the Nixon administration is using in the construction industry.

This plan has the appearance of integrating the work force by requiring that contractors hire a certain number of black workers on federal construction projects, but in reality it is a way to use black labor as a wedge to break open the unions' control over jobs and to depress the wage level being paid for construction work. This plan is designed to incite racial hatred and has already resulted in clashes between blacks and white workers in Pittsburgh and Seattle. While the blacks and whites fight, the construction bosses sit back and smile knowing that as long as workers fight each other the bosses will be able to pay a lower wage to the winner.

Imperialism also works against the best interests of workers in this country. While it is true, that Third World people must bear the brunt of a greater degree of exploitation, that is also a safety valve designed to show the Amerikan worker that he could be worse off were it not for the might of the U. S. army. "War time

Unidentified man attacking by-stander at the June 7 rally

emergencies" are used to divide workers the same way racism is.

Strikes are criticized because they are harming the "national interest", and patriotic jingoism is used as a vent for emotions and frustrations which really stem from internal causes.

This is not to assert that most workers either oppose the economic system or are against racism and imperialism. Like Amerikans from all other backgrounds, they have been told all their lives that they are privileged and that their privilege is threatened by blacks and by people in the Third World. When reality conflicts with that picture, they have been told that their problems were due to communism or some other external force, and of course a vast network of teachers, cops, social workers, psychiatrists, newspapers, and television programs have all reinforced that image. It is important to understand however that those things are untrue and that it is not in the interests of workers to believe them. As the crisis in the economy deepens, the only hope that Nixon and Agnew have for averting a full fledged labor rebellion is that the energies of working people can be channeled against students and blacks instead of against labor's real oppressors. It is the old game of playing oppressed people off against each other, and whether it will succeed is in no small measure up to students, black people, and all other progressive forces.

If we are able to get beyond the myths about the working class, it will be possible for the working class to get beyond its myths about anti-war demonstrators and blacks. Understanding that working people are natural and vital allies in any fight against imperialism and racism, requires an understanding of workers struggles and a willingness to participate in them. Lines of communication and support must be opened up so that working people realize that the repressive measures now being taken against blacks and students are ultimately designed for them, and so that students and blacks realize that they will remain forever isolated unless they make contact with working people and unite to fight the common enemy — the government and the system of corporate capitalism which sustains it.

Bull Shed, Inc.

388 NORTH EUCLID AVENUE

Plenty Of New Clothes To Choose From

Now Open Mon. - Sat. (11-6)
Fri. Night (9-12)

388 N. Euclid
361-7795

Watch For Our Webster Store (June 22)

How the Straight Press Does its Work

This analysis was prepared by the New York Media Project
P. O. Box 266, Village Station, New York, New York 10014

This article reduces serious political movements to theatrical productions produced solely for the benefit of the media. No discussion here of the programs of the Panthers, or the group's relation to the black community, or the real, community based needs which are finding expression in the Panthers' program. Because Newsweek chooses not to understand the development and growth of indigenous black political movements, especially radical movements, they reduce reality to spectacle. Media needs spectacle because the news is a commodity and spectacle sells.

Well then, believe it, my friend
That this silence will end
We'll just have to get guns
And be men . . .
—A ballad of the Black Panther Party

They were the Bad Niggers of white America's nightmares come chillingly to life—a black-bereted, black-jacketed cadre of street bloods risen up in arms against the established order. They were, they announced, the Black Panthers, and the name alone suggested menace. They swaggered, blustered, quoted Mao, preached revolution, flashed their guns everywhere and sometimes used them. They addressed white power in harangues that began with f----- and mother-f-----. They started in 1966, two men, two guns and a lawbook, shadowing cops through the tacky black slums of Oakland, Calif., to make sure they behaved. Today, less than four years later, they are established in more than 30 cities across the U.S., the heirs to Malcolm X and Stokely Carmichael and H. Rap Brown at the hard edge of black militancy, and no less an authority than J. Edgar Hoover has certified them as a threat to the Republic.

The Panthers are described in terms of media-created categories like "heroes," the Panthers as "heirs to Malcolm X and Stokely Carmichael and H. Rap Brown." These men are conveniently labeled as "black militants," and that apparently obviates the need for explication of what they stand for and why they are representatives of the people.

They are guerrilla theater masterfully done—so masterfully that, at a point, everybody began to believe them and to be frightened of them. They were blessed at the beginning with two born leaders, Minister of Defense Huey P. Newton and chairman Bobby Seale—and they were soon joined by a third, Eldridge Cleaver, just out of state prison with his hot-selling memoir, "Soul On Ice" (sales to date: 1 million-plus) and his enormous national audience. They are Media Age revolutionaries, gifted with words, good at sloganeering (POWER TO THE PEOPLE!), irresistibly photogenic, scary on television, masterful at poster art from their first effort—that high-camp classic of Newton scowling out of a peacock chair with a gun in one hand and a spear in the other. They put "pig," for policemen, into the radical vocabulary. They made berets and black leather *de rigueur* for splinter groups of Latin, Indian, Chinese and even Appalachian white dissidents. Ghetto kids walk the Panther walk and talk the Panther talk. White student radicals are entranced by Panther *machismo*. And all of it has made the party somehow larger than life. It matters little to the national imagination that there are fewer than 1,000 of them or that their gift for getting shot considerably exceeds their gift for shooting. The forces of the law take them at their violent word—and they are trying to put the Panthers out of business.

Serious people are depoliticized here and everything is transformed into a matter of style. The Panthers are described as though they were being marketed by an expert public relations effort (like that which managed Richard Nixon into the White House), intent on creating a marketable awesome revolutionary figure. This artificially imposed definition is then used as the basis for a totally unfounded statement: "everybody began . . . to be frightened of them." Just who is everybody? A Wall Street Journal survey showed that over 2/3's of the black population supports the goals and strategies of the Panthers. And what fear there is in the white community grows in part out of the media freak treatment imposed on the Panthers by media men who don't think in any other terms.

More depoliticization — a book which moved many people to a new way of seeing themselves and the world, is characterized only as a big commercial success. We begin to see what counts here.

Revolutionary groups are isolated here by the use of loaded semantic terms, "splinter groups," etc. No details about these groups or reasons for these characterizations are given. Things are then taken a step further by the implication that the political group and the people are disparate — how can ghetto kids do "the Panther" walk when the Panthers *are* the ghetto and vice-versa.

BULLSHIT. Accident prone, right? Like getting shot in bed or in the back.

* * *

Busts: And, across the U.S., lawmen have decimated local Panther chapters and Panther arsenals in a running series of raids—the latest and bloodiest the December Chicago bust in which Illinois party leaders Fred Hampton and Mark Clark were slain in a decidedly lopsided "gun battle." The uproar over that incident, and a shoot-em-up in Los Angeles four days later, brought the Panthers respite—but only briefly. Seattle's Mayor Wes Uhlman disclosed last week that he recently rejected a proposal by Internal Revenue agents to run a joint raid on the Panther chapter there in search of illegal guns. ("We are not," said Uhlman, "going to have any 1932 Gestapo-like raids against anyone.") And thirteen clamorously unruly Panthers were in court in New York last week for a pretrial hearing on charges that they conspired to dynamite five department stores, a commuter rail line and other targets—charges as grave as any yet brought against the party.

It was neither lopsided nor a gun battle — it was a one-sided massacre of black men by police.

Again taking a political assassination and making it a scene for a Hollywood production.

In the face of a government conspiracy, the reporter comments only on a matter of decorum.

The campaign has taken a fearful toll of the Panthers. They have probably never been so fearsome as the ferocity of the drive against them suggests; now they are tattered, beleaguered and fighting to stay alive. Perhaps 100 of them, by Seale's count, are in jails and prisons around the country, and 400 or 500 in all have cases pending against them. The guns have been racked out of sight, the berets and jackets closeted, the f-----s and mother-f-----s dropped at Newton's decree from the party's public vocabulary. The revolution has turned into drudgery: running showcase breakfast-for-children programs and free medical clinics, papering the ghetto with leaflets and petitions, hawking the party's polemic weekly tabloid, The Black Panther (sample headline: THE ONLY GOOD PIG IS A DEAD PIG). Eighteen- and twenty-hour days have left the Panthers pervasively weary. "We are," bearded Field Marshal Donald (D.C.) Cox says heavily, "the hardest-working people in America—and the unhealthiest." And they are doom-haunted as well. They live and work in sandbagged communes. They exist, says D.C., "looking over our shoulders for the f------ pigs." They know they are watched; they presume they are bugged, tapped and thoroughly infiltrated.

Newsweek applies its standards of value (spectacle is preferable to content) by devoting its coverage to "shoot-em-ups" and not to the feeding of 3000 ghetto children a week. The Panthers' breakfast programs are not "showcases" for anyone — through these programs and others the Panthers serve the people they love. Only white, alienated, privileged men could consider feeding children to be drudgery.

This adjective is applied simply because the paper puts forth a particular analysis of American life. Yet such a word would never be applied to the New York Times (or Newsweek) which have a different, but a clearly defined analysis.

More camouflage — the government has admitted that it bugs the Panthers.

If the Panthers survive as a party, they will be powerfully indebted to the police. The Panthers have fared best when they have had a martyr—a Newton bound for prison, a Cleaver in flight—and Fred Hampton's death in bed in Chicago gave them the best martyr they have ever had. That raid, and the Los Angeles bust, made a civil-liberties issue of the Panthers and the law—a confrontation in which some libertarians saw a basic test of whether dissident groups like the Panthers would be permitted even to exist in America.

Read: If the Kennedys survive as a dynasty, they will be powerfully indebted to political assassins. The Kennedys have fared best when they have had a martyr — a Joe Kennedy Jr. killed in flight, a Joe Kennedy Sr. disabled by a stroke, a Jack Kennedy murdered in Dallas — and Bobby gave them the best martyr they have ever had . . .

If you reacted to this as being in bad taste, and you didn't react to the parallel Panther paragraph, then you begin to understand the depths of your white supremacy.
Police murder becomes a benevolent act for the oppressed — Black people only get angry when a "chieftain" gets killed, because they have no real grievances.

Response: White radicals had always been drawn to the Panthers; now, white liberals who abhor their gun-barrel politics rallied to the cause of guaranteeing the Panthers fair treatment. A blue-ribbon commission headed by former Supreme Court Justice Arthur Goldberg and the NAACP's Roy Wilkins is seeking a Ford Foundation grant for an inquiry into the police-Panther war. And mainstream blacks closed ranks around the Panthers as they never had before. "If they kill off the Panthers," said Price Cobbs, the black San Francisco author ("Black Rage") and psychiatrist, "the message to other black people is, don't be so aggressive, don't be so assertive."

Another diversion — we begin to think that Justice will be served if only these groups find some policemen guilty of an infraction. Scapegoats are not the answer, balance is not the issue. The people are not served when the response to the assassination of their leaders — at the behest of the government — is limited to the prosecution of the few police who actually pulled the triggers.

The Hampton shooting may in fact have saved the Panthers' Chicago chapter—a particularly desperate outpost that had been beset by repeated police and FBI raids and which at its nadir had been purged to the bone in a hunt for suspected infiltrators. Hampton, the party's Illinois chieftain and a rising star in the national hierarchy, was found sprawled on his blood-drenched mattress, his copies of Malcolm X and Frantz Fanon and a three-volume life of Lenin scattered around him. Police called it a gun battle (such run-ins are invariably "gun battles" to the police, "murder" to the Panthers) and a special coroner's inquest—boycotted by the Panthers—exonerated the raiders on a verdict of justifiable homicide. But the Panthers have since retained an independent ballistics expert who, they say, is prepared to testify that the Panthers certainly did not fire first and may not have fired at all. And their pathologist says Hampton was probably drugged and asleep when he was killed—a contention that forced Federal investigators to exhume the body for a third autopsy last week. The truth of the affair remained to be settled. But blacks running the range from moderate to militant rallied round with money and sympathy ("There is a plot," said one, "to deal with any of us who speaks out"), and so did whites; their donations helped the Panthers open a modest free clinic in a West Side ghetto storefront.

No "desperate outpost" could spontaneously attract some 80,000 people — mostly black — to view firsthand the evidence of the massacre of Fred Hampton and Mark Clark. The Chicago chapter is firmly rooted in the black community, with a large active membership.

To Newsweek, there is no truth — only two sides of a story, which they then call objectivity. Oppression and murder are simply points of view.

Boycotted because the Panthers not killed in the massacre are being charged with various offenses, and their participation in the inquest would have exposed their whole defense before their trial. Newsweek's way of mentioning the boycott without explaining it makes it a gratuitous act.

* * *

Premises: Taber had mastered his catechism well. The central premises of Panthersim are that Black America is an oppressed colony; that its oppressors are not white people generally but the "avaricious demagogic ruling class," i.e., white capitalists, and that the police are the oppressors' army of occupation in the ghetto. This began as a rather conventional black nationalism, borrowed heavily from Malcolm and Fanon; as recently as mid-1968, Seale lectured a Berkeley rally not to mess with Communism or socialism "until you deal with racism." But lately the core dogma has been layered over increasingly with the viscous language of classical Communism—a tongue that hasn't been heard much in the ghetto since the 1930s and did not go over very well then. "Black people," says Negro psychiatrist Alvin Poussaint of Harvard, "can't relate to that language." But the Panthers insist on it. They have struggled through Mao and Lenin and lately North Korea's Kim Il Sung, whom Cleaver met in Pyongyang and who subsequently flattered the party by sending his fraternal greetings, and they have pasted it all together in their own eclectic Marxist-Leninist style.

Yet the controlling metaphor—the ghetto as the colony and "ameriKKKa" as the mother country—has never varied

Political analysis is called a catechism, an attempt to depoliticize the content of the Panther's program by associating it with a rote, religious exercise. When Newsweek does an article commemorating the 200th anniversary of the American Revolution are they going to describe Thomas Jefferson as "having learned his catechism well," Tom Paine as dispensing the "core dogma?" It is convenient for Newsweek to see radical politics simply as one group's replacement for the death of religion — one leap of faith replacing another.

When black people start getting themselves together (the Panthers), Newsweek tries to tell us the people don't know what they want, but that a Negro psychiatrist does. What, at best, qualifies a psychiatrist to speak about revolutionary politics?

To accept that metaphor is to focus one's rage—and to justify any action as a necessity of the war for liberation. At Panther national headquarters one recent evening, D.C. was talking about the necessity for solidarity with the Vietnamese, the Koreans and anyone else at war—as the Panthers imagine themselves to be—against U.S. "imperialism." A visitor asked whether that wasn't just a psychological hypo for black revolutionaries, who are after all a fraction of a minority in America. "That's not psychological, man," D.C. replied tonelessly, waving toward a world map. "They're killing Yanks out there!" Later, someone tuned in Walter Cronkite on the Panthers' color-TV set, and President Nixon flickered on-screen. The room might have been in Hanoi or Algiers; Mr. Nixon seemed suddenly to be speaking from a vast and unbridgeable distance.

This is a lie. The slightest knowledge of the Panthers reveals that (like the NLF) they are fighting out of a love for their people and that they gain support and strength from the people. Understanding this, one sees that there are many things which are *not* justifiable, and which the Panthers do not justify in the war for liberation, such as killing your own people in a department store bombing.

The black community has been raped by this country for 200 years. This is imperialism at work just as surely as it is when the US has managed the economy of the Phillippines and made war against the Vietnamese. Why does "Newsweek" put imperialism in quotes? It is a word in the dictionary which accurately describes US activities around the world. And to say that the Panthers imagine themselves to be at war with US imperialism is to relegate to the level of fantasy both the colonized position of blacks in this society and the fact that the Panthers are, every day, fighting their war for liberation.

* * *

The Mother Question: The breakfast program is socialism Panther style—an attempt at a working model of a rudimentary people's program. So are the free clinics. The new Panthers opened a second front against the police—a petition campaign to bring them under community control. They even tempered their language after Hilliard's bellicose peace speech. Whatever Newton thought of the threat on Mr. Nixon's life, he didn't like the part where Hilliard added, "F--- that mother-f------ man!" People won't relate to that talk, Newton told Hilliard later. But, Hilliard protested, it was the language of the ghetto. Maybe so, said Newton—but would you use it in front of your mother? Hilliard agreed he wouldn't—not those words, anyway—and public swearing has been taboo ever since.

This paragraph tries to give the impression that the Panthers, having seen how they had displeased white society, are not busily reworking their image. The Panthers don't deal in images and appearances. The Panthers deal in reality, and always have, like feeding children, providing medical care, and protecting their people from the police. There are no "new" Panthers.

The Panthers get their financial support from the people; from the sales of the Panther newspaper (which has a weekly circulation of 100,000) and the proceeds from speaking engagements (Bobby Seale and Kathleen Cleaver earned $90,000 in fees last year) for instance. It is interesting that Newsweek considers the police and state department to be more legitimate sources of information about Panther finances than the Panthers themselves. That Newsweek does not once mention the mass indigenous support they have must be a deliberate editorial decision.

None of this, of course, is very persuasive to the police: their verdict on the Panthers is that they are a murderous gang of brigands bent on robbing the rich *and* the poor and keeping everything themselves. For all the Marxist-Leninist lingo, few lawmen argue that the Panthers are run or heavily financed from abroad. One State Department expert, on the contrary, thinks that the Russians, who could afford to help the Panthers, consider them anarchists and that the Algerians, the Syrians and the Palestinian guerrillas, who rather like them, don't have the money to spare. The far more common police view is that the Panthers' principal means of support is their guns. The McClellan subcommittee produced one purged Panther, Larry Powell, who testified that he had planned robberies on party orders and that the split was two-thirds for the robbers, one-third for the party. (The Panthers say Powell was expelled precisely because he was a "jive-time tavern robber"—a charge Powell says they lodged only after he got caught.) And a sixteen-page confidential memo currently circulating in the Federal intelligence community says 350 Panthers were arrested in 150 separate cases in 1969, not only on weapons raps but on such common criminal charges as robbery, burglary, purse-snatching, auto theft and narcotics violations. The report further accuses them of having killed five policemen and wounded 42 since October 1967—a tally it lists under the heading "Unprovoked Attacks on Police."

Reflects Newsweek's refusal to recognize Marx and Lenin as legitimate political theorists whose analyses are considered relevant by many Americans.

There is no discussion of the fact that arrests on petty charges are one of the main instruments of harrassment of political people. By context Newsweek implies that the arrest figure corroborates the contention that the Panthers support themselves through petty crime.

* * *

So the Panthers, behind their bravado, are desperate for friends. The civil-liberties issue started a round of white-liberal fund-raising affairs, notably the glittery assemblage that met several live Panthers at Leonard Bernstein's Manhattan duplex, and ponied up $12,000 for the New York defense fund. But Bernstein took such a hiding in the press ("elegant slumming," sniffed The New York Times) that the central issue of equal justice got lost and other potential givers backed off. The alternative was the black community—but the Panthers' running romance with the white radical left has stunted their roots back home. "These people," Bayard Rustin said sourly of the affluent left, "are really saying, 'You 'sic 'em, nigger Panthers. *You* bring about a revolution for us while we go on living our nice little jolly lives. You niggers do it. We'll be right behind you—at a considerable distance'." The Panthers' troubles with the law brought the black leadership to their side for the first time; the irony was that their lives may prove to have been the price of their legitimacy.

He is no authority on or friend to the black movement. His position was made clear in 1964 when he acted as Hubert Humphrey's envoy in forcing the Mississippi Freedom Democratic Party to accept a humiliating compromise in their bid for equal representation at the Democratic Convention. Newsweek again pits one black against another—hiding behind the use of a quotation, Newsweek uses Bayard Rustin to validate their political stance.

We don't think that murder is ironical.

Chances: For the pressure on the Panthers is deep and getting deeper. The Justice Department under Lyndon Johnson's Attorney General, Ramsey Clark, chose to view the Panthers mainly as a local law-enforcement problem, not as a national menace. Accordingly, when Hoover asked authority for the FBI to bug them, Clark turned him down. "Life," said one veteran of those days, "is full of chances. The question is whether you're going to exhaust yourself guarding against dangers that don't exist." But John Mitchell's Justice Department takes the Panthers seriously. If a Hilliard threatens the President, said one Panther specialist there, "we can't afford to sit back and say, 'That's just rhetoric.' They have the capability of killing any government official, and I'm not going to get into the position of having to walk around apologizing after they do it." Justice accordingly has joined the war on Panther-ism; knowledgeable hands assume that Hoover has his bugging authority now.

The war is one the Panthers cannot win. "The Panthers are dead," said one California lawman. The obituary is no doubt premature. Yet it is so that there is a streak of suicide about the Panthers—a recklessness of the fact that to choose the gun is to court death by gunfire. Virtual Murrell was a Panther once, but he quit abruptly about a year ago. "Revolutionaries by the time they're 40 are either dead or in prison or lying on park benches," he said. "Frankly, I'm scared." Yet it was equally plain that the Panthers felt driven to the gun—and that, even if they died, their bitter desperation would haunt America as long as the conditions that spawned it exist. "The next generation," said Virtual Murrell, "may not be Black Panther in name. But they will be Black Panther in mind."

More obfiscatory bullshit. This says that every soldie who goes to war for a cause has a streak of suicide him because he exposes himself to the possibility c death. Newsweek tries to teach people that politic dedication is a manifestation of a death wish.

This whole paragraph functions to prepare white America for the extermination of the Black Panthers

Announcing: Learning 101

For the student who wants to learn more, earn better grades...and study less.

When school starts next fall, will you get more out of your studies and have more free time for other pleasures?

You can! This summer, learn how to learn. Invest one night a week for eight weeks in the Reading Dynamics **rapid learning** course. We'll show you . . . as we have shown more than 450,000 others . . . not merely how to read faster, but how to **learn** more. To understand more of what you read, and to retain and recall more of it. (If we don't succeed, you get your money back.)

Check the schedule below. Come to the free Reading Dynamics introductory lesson most convenient for you. In **one hour**, we'll show you how you can learn to learn this summer, and take the frustration out of studying forever.

Come to one of these free introductory lessons.

111 S. Meramec, Clayton
Tuesday, June 23 – 12:15 pm and 8 pm
Wednesday, June 24 – 12:15 pm and 8 pm
Thursday, June 25 – 12:15 pm and 8 pm

Ramada Inn North
Interstate 270 at Bellefontaine Road
Wednesday, June 24 – 8 pm
Thursday, June 25 – 8 pm
Saturday, June 27 – 10:30 am

Holiday Inn South
3660 S. Lindbergh (South of Highway 65)
Wednesday, June 24 – 8 pm
Thursday, June 25 – 8 pm
Saturday, June 27 – 10:30 am

We don't teach rapid reading...we teach rapid learning.

EVELYN WOOD READING DYNAMICS INSTITUTE
111 S. Meramec / St. Louis, Mo. 63105 / Phone 721-2272

Radical Engineers Meet

By Jeff Schevitz

Scientists and engineers who work for the major military contractors and imperialist corporations located in the St. Louis area are meeting to talk about the consequences of their work, their economic insecurity, dissatisfaction with the corruption and hollow patriotism of management, and the undemocratic manner in which their work lives are controlled by corporate management.

These meetings are making it evident to the participants that their complaints are not idiosyncratic but are common problems arising out of working in a large organization devoted to production for profit instead of use, for death instead of life. By the fall, the engineers and scientists hope to be meeting regularly after work.

It is my hope that the Engineers and Scientists for Peace chapter at Washington University will link academic scientists and engineers with those in industry. This link may make it possible for graduating student scientists and engineers to gain the support to do People's Engineering — devoting their talents to applying technology to human needs rather than corporate demands. Those scientists and engineers interested in meeting with others, and anyone interested in assisting to organize a local group of scientists and engineers should contact me at the Washington University Department of Sociology.

←6

political exhanges. For example:

Chickee: How can you be on their side?

Uncle Tom: It's OUR side.

and Chickee: How can you be on the side of American imperialism, especially with the way black people are treated in your country?

Uncle Tom: It's the only side I've got. You show me one black person in a position of power in your country and I'll believe you.

(We all know what a large black population Asia has).

After a few low down commie tricks, such as bugging the U.S. offices, are discovered, an old char-woman mysteriously dies. We also find out that Fang is mysteriously ill. Perry Mason and Charlie Chan form an international pig alliance, and agree that Perry will get a doctor for Fang if Charlie investigates the charwoman's death.

Meanwhile, Sung's brilliant character development as a typical power mad communist continues. True to the fascist script's portrayal of communism, he is also a totally loveless elitist. When asked about the charwoman he replies, "One of the menials — dare you suggest I bother with her . . ."

Ironsides-Perry, like a good cop, keeps his word, gets a doctor and finds out that Fang and the chickee (who has recently fainted in Uncle Tom's arms) both have (surprise) "acute yellow atrophy" (racism like that must have been subconscious, or maybe the writers thought it was cute). Charlie Chan tries to break his part of the deal because he's afraid of political reprisals. He explains to Ironsides that "In your country being a cop is a judicial matter, in mine it's political" (!), but the forces of truth, justice and the pig way win out, as Perry convinces him to go through with it.

Anyway, Fang dies; Sung takes over and tries to break off the negotiations; they find out that the charwoman also died of (surprise) acute yellow atrophy, and that Sung had poisoned her as well as Fang and the chickee. Sung's next move is to try and frame Perry, (those commies use every dirty trick in the book), but Perry, of course, is wise, and tells Charlie Chan that his badge can also be a shield. So Charlie returns with the local authorities who arrest Sung instead of Perry as was planned.

The Amerikans then insist that Charlie Chan be made head negotiator for the commies. However, (surprise) he doesn't sell out to them; (being a good commie at heart), and his refusal to accept "the legitimization of the illegal CIA" is met by groans from the kindly Amerikan negotiators.

Back home in San Francisco, Ironsides-Perry and his flunkeys watch Charlie Chan welcomed back to his home country. To sum up all the brilliant elements in this show the following exchanges take place:

Flunkeys (Uncomprehendingly): You made him a hero.

Perry: I just reminded him he was a cop.

and, Perry: There's an old Oriental saying: If a man cannot keep his self-respect, how can he make others righteous?

Flunkeys: Confucious?

Perry: No.

Flunkeys: Charlie Chan?

Perry (with wry smugness): Nope. I found that in a fortune cookie.

Well, the next time you hear about the brainwashing and propaganda that goes on "behind the iron curtain," and wonder what it's like, turn on your T.V. set. At least they might have better plots over there than this shit, does.

←4

sir" and "no sir" them would they grant him the supreme favor of subserviant kinship; the cops with the power and the jailed as a pleading underling.

The next day I was brought before a Judge Casey. I wasn't sure whether to plead innocent of my charge of selling on a state highway since I was almost sure to be convicted with the state cops as witnesses for the prosecution. My arraignment was set for the following Monday and I was returned to jail for five hours before being allowed a phone call. When someone finally arrived with bond money, I had been in jail twenty-seven hours. I was told that the papers would be returned after my trial.

The next week I pleaded guilty before the judge, as I expected to be found guilty anyway. After explaining the circumstances to his honor, I received a minimal fine of ten dollars and court costs. The judge, a fair man it seemed, asked what kind of papers I had. I replied that they were papers of political opinion and that I would give him one when they were returned.

However, when I returned to the jailor I was told by him that I could not get them back for a few days even though I'd been told a few minutes before by the receptionist that they would be given to me. He said that he had to talk to the state's attorney about them.

That afternoon I returned to jail to be told that I couldn't have the papers back. When asked why, the jailor told me that I had to ask the state's attorney. I went back to the courthouse to find the D.A. and was referred to his office across the street. When I finally found the Ass't. D.A., I was told that the newspapers were seized as contraband. When I asked what he meant by contraband, he replied that "they were in the wrong place at the wrong time."

I was thrown in jail for virtually no reason, had been treated like dirt, and had been robbed of my newspapers — all in the name of the law. And the law becomes infuriated when they are referred to as pigs. One needn't look far to see that there are some pigs in the wrong places — dangerous places.

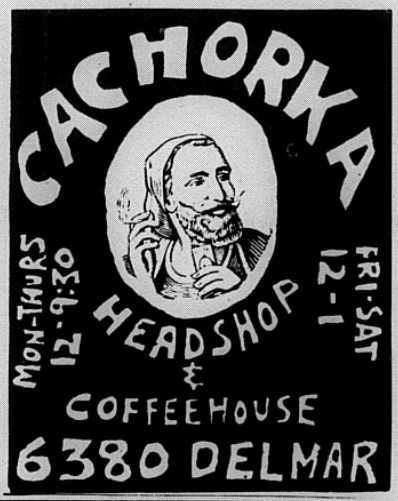
One-Year Subscription
$5.00
Mail to: OUTLAW
4285 Olive
St. Louis, Mo. 63108

UPTIGHT WITH THE DRAFT?

Get the latest information about the new court decisions, lottery, deferments, immigration, resistance at Washington University Draft Help, Room No. 1, Umrath (Student Union), Mon-Fri. 1-4:00;

OPEN TO *EVERYONE* FREE

(V0 3-0100, ext. 4682)



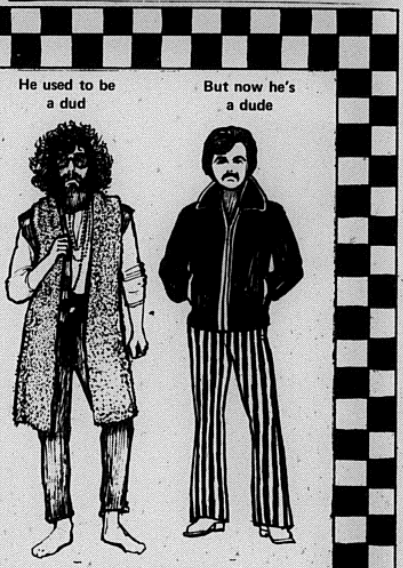
THREE GOOD WAYS
to get the Outlaw

1. Buy a subscription
Only five bucks a year
Send to: St. Louis Outlaw
KDNA Radio
4285 Olive St.
St. Louis, Mo. 63108

2. See your local distributor
(or sell it yourself,
you keep 10¢ a copy —
call 652-6161 or 862-3857)

3. Visit your friendly local
'merchant and buy your
copy from:

Left Bank Books
559 N. Skinker
Center Book Store
3539 Lindell
Webster Groves Books
100 W. Lockwood
Bookmark
11050 Olive St. Rd.
Bookmasters
288 N. Skinker
Akashic Record Shop
6 N. Euclid
Spectrum
124 S. Kirkwood Rd.
Postbellum
219 S. Florissant
Chess King
629 Northwest Plaza
Clothes Closet
Big Bend and Lockwood
Cachorka
6380 Delmar
Bergdorf Booksellers
4744 McPherson
Carpenter's News Stand
8th and Olive
Peace Center
6244 Delmar
UMSL Bookstore
8001 Natural Bridge



Katholic School No Heaven

By W. W. Strawbridge

I don't know quite how to write this but I'm gonna tell you what's going down at our credentials factory. It is to be noted that this is a katholic high school so it can throw shit-disturbers out at will.

Well, anyway, to get to it — the administration asked us ("students") who we wanted to give the student response at the graduation ceremonies. Four people were nominated.

The four were: the student council pres, an all conference football man, a state champ track man, and me — a fuck-off. Needless to say, commie-freek-faggot-undesirable-irresponsible me won. I don't say this to brag, but to show where this relatively conservative student body is at — they wanted the administration told off for all the horseshit we've taken for four years, and they knew I would do it. I was the closest thing they had to a "campus radical."

Yeah, you guessed it. The administration goons cut my speech out, "due to lack of time." Who are they jiving? So some student thought it would be daring (and democratic) if a petition was started. Well, one petition was taken away and all were ignored. The warden priest got pissed and said we had to learn to accept "no." Man, we've been getting no for four years.

Another petition to get off early the day of the prom was also ignored. We were told to go through the student council officers who are all puppets — miniature zombies.

The funny thing is that the goons in power are scared to death, they think we'll burn the library or something. The power freeks are now harassing me and other misfits. (outlaws?)

Well, anyway, some advice to all you grade schoolers out there (and don't think there aren't some out there), DON'T GO TO A KATHOLIC HIGH SCHOOL!!!

In a public high school you have a few constitutional rights, but a katholic school is little more than a decadent police state.

You get nuns, priests, and escapist teachers who say "there's no discipline problem at catholic schools." OINK. OINK. Like I was yelled at for wearing a flower in school. Where have all the flowers gone? — not to katholic schools.

Southwest Weed Cut Down

By Fred Faust

This is the second of a two-part interview with activists at Southwest High School. Names have been withheld for their protection.

Since this interview was made, the students have published another issue of their underground, the Weed. They report that student reaction was more favorable than it was to the first issue, and administration reaction less severe (no suspensions this time).

Southwest activists also attempted a student strike on May 29 to demand meaningful freedoms at their school. They said they had widespread support, with 700 students staying away from school that day. They also said the administration was extremely uptight. The school was swarming with uniformed and plainclothes cops, and three paddy wagons were stationed in nearby Tower Grove Park.

No one was thrown out for the strike activity, although one student was arrested for "trespass." Charges were dropped. Another student was ordered to open his locker. He did so, and the administration seized strike leaflets, a few copies of the Weed, and 75 copies of the second issue of the Outlaw. The student let the administration know that he had a lawyer, and would fight whatever they tried to do to him. He was not suspended.

Outlaw: Let's talk about your paper now, the Weed. (The first issue of the Weed consisted of three mimeographed pages stapled together). How did it get started?

Southwest: Well a few of us began thinking back in February or March that it'd be cool to put out an underground. We kept talking about it and finally got it out.

SW: As the school year drags on, everthing that happens hits you in the face, harder and harder. 'Til finally you've got to scream out some way. They told us go through channels, go through student council and all that. We tried that and it didn't work. So . . . .

SW: One of us talked to this one teacher after the suspensions. She said you can just sit there and take everything that they hand out to you — that's just screwing yourself. Or you can speak out against these people, against the tyranny and everything. She said that's just screwing yourself too. It depends on what kind of person you are. You either sit there and take it and have to live with yourself, or you speak out and have to live with them.

Outlaw: If the school paper, the Pioneer, was not censored by the faculty and/or administration, would you still need an underground?

SW: Probably not.

Outlaw: What kind of experiences did you have with the Pioneer before you started the Weed?

SW: One of us sent in letters, but they never got in. Some of our friends tried the Pioneer for awhile, and they told us about what a farce it was.

SW: There was an article in Student Life about a year or so ago where Mr. Close, an assistant principal, was quoted as saying the Pioneer was supposed to be non-controversial, that it was just supposed to give the who, what, where kind of thing about what's happening at Southwest. But they really don't need a paper for that. Like they write up a football game against Beaumont that took place three weeks ago. Everybody already knows about that by the time the paper comes out.

SW: One issue they took up a page and a half describing the activities of the girls who were up for Southwest queen. They'd say here's so 'n so, she's a cheerleader, she's in GAA . . . . You know, they took all this space telling what each one of 'em does with their lifetime after school.

SW: Every issue goes into great detail about the aud sessions; who sang what, who was in the chorus, who played the violin . . . .

SW: When the women's liberation movement got going, the Pioneer had this thing about how girls should have the right to run for student council president. This teacher started a petition to change the constitution, and the paper ran a front page interview with him. But everybody just laughed and said there's that sex maniac. The teacher always puts girls in the front of the room, and they say he passes girls and flunks boys who have exactly the same grades.

Outlaw: So what they did then was parody a serious political issue?

SW: Yeah, they thought they were doing their bit by putting it in, but it had just the opposite effect of what they had intended.

Outlaw: When did you start the actual work on your paper and who did the writing?

SW: We asked a few people to contribute articles.

Outlaw: Did you approach any racuity members?

SW: No, we tried to keep it quiet. A few of us did most of the writing. We worked on weekends and after school in one of our basements. We all chipped in and bought this used mimeograph machine.

Outlaw: What happened when you got it out?

SW: Well we got the first issue out April 22. We printed 700 and distributed 600 in three days.

Outlaw: What was the reaction among students?

SW: A lot of 'em liked the idea of the paper, but some didn't like the obscenity and some said they didn't agree with all the articles. They thought we could have done a better job, but many seemed glad that at least something was happening.

SW: The next issue will be better. We're going to write some material on the value of student unity. The administration plays groups of students against each other, but if they face a united student body there's nothing the administration could do. If they suspended 2500 students, they wouldn't have a school.

Outlaw: In terms of numbers, how many students would at least defend your right to publish the Weed?

SW: Probably around 300 or 400. The rest of the school isn't all against us; it's just that there's a lot of students who didn't see the paper and still don't know what's going on. That applies generally, too. We distributed copies of the first issue of the Outlaw, and all these kids were asking questions like who's Eldridge Cleaver, what's People's Park, does pig mean policeman — stuff like that. They just don't know what's happening.

Outlaw: What was the administration's reaction?

SW: We came out on Wednesday. One of us had already had a hearing scheduled on Thursday morning, and they were furious when they got hold of the Weed.

Outlaw: What are these hearings?

SW: They make up a panel consisting of your counselor; the principal, Mr. Young; the assistant principal, Mrs. Kelly; and the administrative assistant, Mr. Ecker. The panel has to conduct a hearing before you can be suspended. Most of the suspensions are for cutting. They make you and your parents come and the panel asks questions. Then they tell you to leave the room and they make a decision. Students almost always get another chance, except in the cases of those of us involved with

→12

By Debby Baer

a strange happening has taken place
a great loss
yet a beautiful gain,
i am filled with sorrow
and still a light shines.
a new divine spark has taken root
and I pray (to what i do not know) that it ignites
into full glamour
for if it dares to die out into nothingness
i too, shall be nothing.
do not leave me Light of Birth
but bring me back into the beauty of creation.

Roosevelt Administrators Nix High School Journal

By Mike Wozniak

As a result of inadequate funds, student publications in the St. Louis schools appear on an irregular basis. In addition, limited space, and administrative control and censorship keep the publications which do appear from dealing with problems in a way many students desire.

In an attempt to deal with this situation, four students from Roosevelt High along with students from Southwest published "The Discorporate," a journal of poetry, essays and sketches, in February of 1969.

Three days after its release, two of the students from Roosevelt were called in before the principal, William E. Wolf, in connection with their contributions to the paper and its content. Wolf felt that the paper was aimed at undermining Amerikan youth; local papers also criticized the paper's content.

A sketch of a Statue of Liberty with the face of Hitler, giving the Nazi salute, and holding a copy of Mein Kampf, received particular citicism. The picture which accompanied a poem about the Chicago police riot of 1968 was considered by Wolf and others to be highly un-Amerikan.

The student editors pointed out in letters to the Globe-Democrat and the Roosevelt paper, the Roughrider, that, ". . . the so-called defacing of the Statue of Liberty in 'The Discorporate' was not aimed at defacing America's ideals, but rather at the abuse of them in Chicago that summer by suppression of the right to freedom of speech, dissent, and now the freedom of self-expression and the press." The letters were not printed in either paper.

The editors of "The Discorporate" have gone to other schools, but will continue to devote themselves to similar publications. Censorship at Roosevelt may have delayed them, but publications such as "The Discorporate" will continue to appear and flourish as long as the need for them exists.

New Shop Coming Soon
8860 Ladue Rd.
near Bettendorfs
If you have something to sell at this store — Pottery, Jewelry, Paintings, whatever — Call Bill 725-8135.

the Weed. Normally, the hearing is sort of a final warning. They tell you that if you do one more wrong thing, you're out. You sign an agreement that says "Southwest agrees to give me another chance . . . ."

Outlaw: Do they keep any kind of record of what happens at these hearings?

SW: No. Those people are afraid to put anything in writing.

Outlaw: Let's talk about some of your hearings.

SW: Well, in the one case they brought the one of us in the day after the paper came out. Mr. Young greeted our parents and said it was a shame they had to meet under such circumstances. Then they talked about the absences from school and wanted to know why. The reply we made was that we had personal problems that we couldn't work out sitting in a school room. Then they went around with the jazz about how it's amazing that a child could acquire more wisdom in sixteen years than they had in forty, fifty, or sixty.

Outlaw: That is amazing. What'd they do then?

SW: They complained about this attendance stuff some more. We were sent out of the room. When we were called back in, we were told that we would be given a big chance: we could go to another public school. Actually we were given a choice, but we picked the wrong one and in effect they were ordering us to go to a different public school. At this point they brought up the Weed. They wanted to know what part we played in it, who else worked on it, and so on. Of course we didn't talk, so Mr. Ecker said that was okay, cause he knew everything anyway. Then they rambled on about how awful the Weed was.

Outlaw: Did they ever admit that they were tossing you out because of the paper?

SW: Our parents said that was made quite clear to them. We also understand that the administration told the district supervisor that the paper was the reason. The attendance record was bad, but we're sure we would have gotten "another chance" if it wasn't for the Weed.

SW: They also made it quite clear that they thought we were crazy. In one case they told our parents that perhaps we needed psychiatric help. They even gave them the name of a shrink.

SW: Another big hearing took place two days after we distributed the first issue. It followed a similar pattern. Parents come, and they go over this attendance shit. Then they got into the paper, and talked about the terrible journalism and libel. In this case we were told that we were frightened children and we were paranoid and manic depressive and all sorts of stuff. They even suggested that one of our parents should see a psychiatrist. We ended up getting suspended until September.

Outlaw: Are you sorry you started this underground paper?

SW: No, just how they bombed out at us for printing it shows how desperately it's needed.

SW: There were a couple kids who had far worse records than those of us who got suspended, and nothing happened to them.

Outlaw: You mean the punishment was selective?

SW: Well in one case they just had the information all wrong. But generally they try to get the kids they think are the ringleaders. They want to pick off the ones they think start all the trouble.

Outlaw: How do they get information? You hint at this in the first issue of the Weed where you talk about "Miss Killy" and how you know who the pigs are. Are student pigs a serious problem at Southwest?

SW: Apparently the spy system wasn't really organized until Mrs. Kelly came in last fall. This Mrs. Kelly has a stinking view of her job. She thinks that the more kids she gets in touble the more lives she's resurrecting. The whole time she's throwing you out she's telling you she's only doing what's best for you. The guy last year was much more reasonable. In fact one time the principal went to him and told him he wasn't suspending enough students. But this Mrs. Kelly is taking care of her quota.

Outlaw: How does this lady recruit pig informers?

SW: She's a pretty good judge of character, or at least thinks she is. If a kid gets into trouble and she thinks he might be weak, she'll say something like "This would be a lot better for you if you'd just talk to us." Kids get the idea.

Outlaw: How does the system work?

SW: Everybody knows that you can just leave information for Mrs. Kelly. Like if you know somebody's cutting school you just leave a note on her desk, you don't have to sign it or anything. She'll check into it then. She also encourages kids to just come by and talk to her. Of course she takes notes while you're talking.

Outlaw: Does the system work well for her?

SW: It appears to have been fairly reliable. Lot of kids are scared to talk to her, but often those who get in some minor trouble do.

Outlaw: Did the threats in the first issue of the Weed help smash the pig system?

SW: We've got a lot of kids scared now. And they should be. We're gonna smash some heads as soon as we're sure enough of each case to take action.

Outlaw: You've been through some rather heavy stuff. Where do you put the blame? Does Southwest just happen to have especially fascist administrators, or do you think it's like this at other places?

SW: Our school situation is not a fluke. We think it follows a pattern similar to most schools in this area and probably all over the country.

Outlaw: How do you relate to other high school student struggles, like at Beaumont and University City?

SW: We have to help each other. We'd like to see not only local students get together, but high school students organizing on a national basis. We need to resolve our differences on other issues and concentrate on freedom, on bringing guaranteed constitutional freedom back into the high schools.

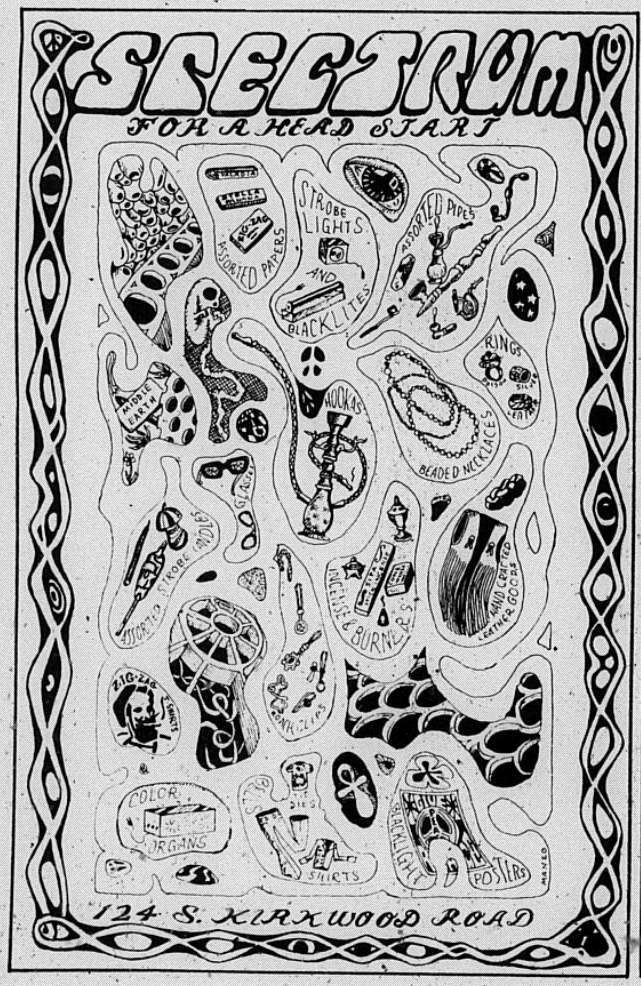
Outlaw: Then you're talking primarily about civil liberties issues?

SW: Well, it may seem a little backward, but we feel we have to go back and regain some of the freedom that we've lost. We want the schools to be concerned with education, instead of teaching kids to sit in the right seat. Like we had a teacher last year who said, "If I don't teach you anything else, I'm going to teach you to answer when I say answer and to sit down when I say sit down." That's the way schools are now, it's not education, it's . . . .

SW: One interesting thing about the repression – they're trying to weed out the deviants. We were told that the school has a right to protect the other students from the sort of things we said in our paper. Trying to keep students ignorant, to separate them, keep them from uniting.

Outlaw: Do you see any relationship between your fight at Southwest and struggles like those of the Black Panther party, the Chicago 7, the anti-ROTC forces, and internationally the liberation efforts like that of the National Liberation Front?

SW: We identify with anyone who's oppressed in any way. Everyone tries to change things where they are. If we can help change the educational system, then perhaps they will no longer be teaching kids to grow up and oppress other people.



FLEUR DE LIS

European Coffee House

In an old-world atmosphere, you'll find delectable pasteries, fine ice creams, sandwiches and beverages

HOURS

Tue.-Wed.-Thurs.
7:00 p.m. – 1:00 a.m.

Fri.-Sat.
7:00 p.m. – 2:30 a.m.

Sun.
7:00 p.m. – 12:00 p.m.

Entertainment Tue.-Wed.-Thur.
113 W. Argonne Drive
TA 2-1916
At Kirkwood Rd. Across From Railroad Station

Working for Revolution in Cuba

By Nancy Hall

Editor's Note: Nancy Hall, a former resident of St. Louis, has recently returned from Cuba where she was a member of the Venceremos Brigade, a group of Americans who traveled to Cuba to help with the sugar harvest. This article is a first hand account of life in Cuba.

Cuba is beautiful. It's a country full of stone revolutionaries! We of the Venceremos Brigade, nearly 700 in number, broke the U.S. blockade and went to Cuba to show our solidarity with the Cuban revolution by cutting sugar cane in the harvest of the ten million tons.

We arrived in the first free territory in the Americas in mid-February after a trip from Canada on a converted cattle boat. For six weeks we lived in a camp and worked in the fields with about 300 Cubans, mostly students; for another two weeks we travelled around the country and rapped with all kinds of people.

Everywhere in Cuba people are cutting cane. Eight percent of the macheteros in this year's harvest are volunteers from all areas of Cuban society – students, factory workers, and office workers alike left the city to live in camps like ours and cut cane for two months. The importance of the harvest or "zafra" is universally understood by the Cuban people, who are united in a common effort to reach the goal of the ten million tons. Traditionally the symbol of the exploitation and oppression of the campesino under colonialism, cane cutting has been transformed into the symbol of Cuba's liberation. Liberation because the successful achievement of the ten million will enable Cuba to begin the mechanization of the harvest, freeing men and women from the centuries-old back-breaking task. Liberation also in that in Cuba work itself is a liberating force because it is done collectively. You don't work hard in the fields for personal gain (material incentives are being elminated in Cuba), but because it will bring the country as a whole that much closer to the ten million.

Cooperation is as much the essence of the new man of the Cuban revolution as competition is the essence of the Amerikan character. Our brigade revealed the contrast very clearly in the first weeks of work. We approached the task of cutting enthusiastically, but out of a set of values we'd learned under capitalism. The same values that had pushed us all along to compete for good grades in school or for the approval of various authority figures were now pushing us to compete against one another for the honor of being vanguard cutter or vanguard brigade.

Only after some living and working with the Cubans did we begin to understand that things could be different. We started to realize some very simple but basic things – that there is nothing rewarding in being one of the fastest cutters if the brigade as a whole is cutting poorly, and that criticism could be used as a tool to build, not put people down. Most importantly, we saw that all our lives we had been striving to fulfill the expectations of persons and institutions outside of ourselves. Cuba is trying to eliminate this alienation by creating a society in which responsibility for the collective arises from within each individual.

I could get into the concrete ways in which revolution is moving Cuba from underdevelopment – the elimination of illiteracy (Cuba has the lowest rate in the world) and malnutrition, the reality of free medical care and housing for everyone – but these can be found in books, so I'll try instead to talk about the strongest impressions Cuba left with me. Like the day the Vietnamese came to our camp to cut cane with us. We talked, compared blisters, and smiled. It was kind of a mind fuck to have a member of the NLF who'd been fighting in the jungles against imperialist armies for nearly 25 years congratulate us for our heoric deeds in the U.S. anti-war movement. Something about their faces made it easier to understand why the United States is losing the war.

It was the end of our trip and the ninth anniversary of Playa Giron – the Bay of Pigs invasion. We had stopped on our way to Havana to swim and stretch our legs when a rumor began circulating that some invaders had landed in Oriente province. At dinnertime the news was confirmed by the Cubans – invaders armed and trained by the CIA had come. Five more Cubans dead defending the revolution. It hit me stronger than ever what we were going back to . . . what the U.S. is trying to do to the people of the world . . .

On the Isle of Youth we visited a citrus growing camp and spent the morning rapping with the workers. I made friends with Cecilio, a young Cuban who had been born on the island when it was the Isle of Pines and housed a prison for those who opposed Batista. Cecilio's family had been very poor, working for the landlords as laborers in their fields or servants in their mansions. He had never gone to school, had no shoes, and was hungry most of the time before the revolution. But when the revolution was over, Cecilio entered school and studied to become a mechanic. At the time I met him he was doing a month's volunteer work in citrus as the representative young communist from the workers' organization to which he belonged. We talked about Che, who Cecilio had met a few times in the factories and the fields. The closeness of people and leaders is a real thing in Cuba; Fidel cuts cane four hours each day during this zafra. It struck me how alien a concept this is in the United States. Dig it – Nixon going down to the cotton fields of Mississippi to work beside the sharecroppers!

Fidel Castro discusses plans to capture CIA mercenaries who invaded Cuba in April

There are contradictions in Cuba's revolution – most noticably concerning the liberation of women. While women are an integral part of the revolution as chemists, doctors, teachers and party leaders, a definite double standard exists in personal relations. It's cool for a man to have lots of women before he marries, but he wants his wife to be a virgin. Day care centers are provided to free women for work and study, but they are all staffed by women. I asked the director of one of the centers why there were no men on her staff, and she told me that child care is a thing women know how to do best and the man's place is out in the world.

But among younger Cubans these traditional concepts of woman's role are being challenged as the family structure is revolutionized. Many girls go to co-ed boarding schools at thirteen, and are thus taken out from under the protective wing of the home. But given the depth of women's oppression before the revolution it will take a long time for Cuban women to liberate themselves.

There appeared to be no racism in Cuba, however. Walking through the Havana streets you could see no particular division along racial lines among those drinking coffee and talking, kids playing together, or lovers holding hands.

When Fidel came to visit our camp, he spoke of how most of the world's peoples are still in prehistory, struggling for material survival, but Cuba has taken the elementary step of seizing her resources for her people and is now on the threshold of discovering the new man. Her revolution, although everyone's inspiration, is uniquely her own. Only by working together to build our own revolution here in the U.S. can we realize these possibilities for ourselves as well.

Anyone interested in going to Cuba this summer with the Brigade should contact Janice at 725-5325.

Imperialism: The Speech Eagleton Didn't Answer

By Martin Liebowitz

Editor's note: This is the text of a statement made by Marty Liebowitz on the occasion of Senator Thomas Eagleton's visit to Washington University in May. Senator Eagleton was brought to campus by the canvassing contingent of the St. Louis Peace Movement and was given full coverage by the Globe and the Post while Marty's speech went unreported.

First, I would like to say that I'm speaking here today for the Washington University Liberation Front, WULF, and that much of what I will say comes from many months of intense political discussions with many people. In many ways, I will be expressing a collective political position and not just my own personal analysis.

The main point we want to make is that the war in Southeast Asia is *not* an accident or a mistake. It is a natural extension of a foreign policy designed to control the resources, labor and markets of as many countries as possible, by political and economic means whenever possible but by military intervention when necessary.

There is a war in Southeast Asia because the subtle political and economic controls that, when combined with the threat of military intervention, work so well in Africa and Latin America, did not work in Southeast Asia. There is a war in Southeast Asia because the people of Vietnam began struggling to control their own country, because they began fighting for self-determination.

And the basic foreign policy of imperialist control is no accident either. The Amerikan economic system could not exist in its present form without continued Amerikan control of the Third World. Let me give just a few examples:

1. There are six resources that are essential to the production of jet engines. Without any *one* of these resources, jet engines simply could not be built. America's *total* supply of three of them – columbium, chromium and cobalt – come from abroad, from Brazil, Canada, Mozambique, South Africa, Turkey, Rhodesia, Congo (Leopoldville), Morocco and Zambia. That's just for *one* product, the jet engine. To continue our economy in its present form, Amerikan corporations need guaranteed access to these resources. They need to know that they can definitely get them when they need them, and at a cheap price. That means they must control the economies of those countries. That is what we mean by imperialism.

→ 14

← 13

2. Eight oil companies, five of them Amerikan – Standard Oil of New Jersey, Standard Oil of California, Texaco, Gulf, and Socony Mobil – control 90 per cent of all the oil in international commerce, even though 90 per cent of that oil comes from Third World countries. The corporations get rich and the countries stay poor.

3. Amerika, with 6 per cent of the world's population, uses 60 per cent of the world's resources, leaving only 40 per cent of the resources for the remaining 94 per cent of the people. That is what we mean by imperialism.

There are many different ways to kill people. Amerika is killing people with guns and bombs and defoliant-caused starvation in Southeast Asia. But Amerika is also killing far more people through malnutrition and lack of adequate medical care throughout the world. Estimates of how many people die either directly or indirectly from malnutrition run as high as 3 million each year. That is mass murder on a scale even greater than the war in Vietnam and Cambodia. We have got to stop the murder.

Let's take a look at how this process works in Chile. Copper accounts for 70 per cent of Chile's Gross National Product and export earnings. Two American corporations, Kennecott Copper and Anaconda Copper, control 90 per cent of Chile's copper through subsidiaries. This means they control over 60 per cent of Chile's total economy. John Gerassi makes this statistic more real by describing what would happen if 60 per cent of America's economy were controlled by foreign corporations.

As foreign corporations, they represent in Chile what would be the case here at home if General Motors, General Electric, General Foods, Ford, all the banks, aviation, mines, mills, electronics, construction and a thousand more companies were owned, say, by two British corporations.

If the profits that go to Kennecott and Anaconda went instead to Chile, Chile would become a creditor nation instead of a debtor nation, a rich nation instead of a poor nation. The $1.5 billion that these companies took out of Chile in profits could have provided each of the 700,000 poorly housed and underfed Chilean families with a $3000 house and $1000 worth of food. To really understand what this means, you have to remember that the average per capita income in Latin America is $100 per family.

Or that $1.5 billion could have been used as capital for economic development. But Chile could not make that decision. The decision about how the profits from Chile's copper will be used are made by the people who control two American Corporations. *That is imperialism.*

Or take the case of Guatemala. The United Fruit Company, an Amerikan corporation, is and has always been the largest landowner in Guatemala. In order to keep supply down and prices up, and in order to avoid the expense of cultivation needed to preserve the fertility of the soil, United Fruit cultivated only five per cent of the land, and left the rest unused. In a country where people are unemployed and hungry, this means that land which people could farm in order to feed themselves and their families goes unused.

In 1950, the Guatemalan people elected Arbenz Guzman president. In 1953 he did put a land reform program into effect. Under this program, any uncultivated lands above a certain size would be expropriated, and no holdings below a certain size would be taken even if they were not under cultivation. 180,000 landless peasants were settled on 234,000 acres taken from United Fruit.

Arbenz was kicked out by a CIA-sponsored coup in 1954. At the time of the coup, John Foster Dulles was Secretary of State. He was also the United Fruit lawyer who drew up the original agreement with Guatemala by which United Fruit became the country's largest landholder. John Foster's brother, Allen Dulles, was head of the CIA. He was also a past president of United Fruit. John Cabot was the Undersecretary of State for Latin America. He was also a major stockholder in United Fruit. Walter Biddel Smith, the CIA agent who engineered the successful coup that placed Castillo Armas, a Guatemalan colonel who was trained in the U.S. in office, became a United Fruit Vice President a year later. The first thing Armas did was to kick the 180,000 peasants off the land that was given to them and return that land to the United Fruit Company. In the process, 300 peasants were killed.

The ties between the government and United Fruit in Guatemala were unusual. But lest you think they are unique, remember that Nixon's first envoy to Latin America was Nelson Rockefeller whose giant Standard Oil empire controls most of Latin America's oil.

But let's get back to the war in Southeast Asia, to St. Louis and to WU. Because that's what we're really here to talk about. The war is here in St. Louis.

McDonnell Douglas has built more than 3500 Phantom jets, the main Air Force bombers being used in Southeast Asia. Emerson Electric proudly boasts that it is the world's largest producer of helicopter weapons systems, one of the main technological advances in counterinsurgency. Monsanto Chemicals makes herbicides that are used to kill crops and destroy forests in Southeast Asia. When use of some of its pesticides was banned in the U.S. because of the ecological damage they caused, Monsanto began very quietly, efficiently and profitably to sell those same pesticides to Latin American countries, often with the U.S. government footing the bill through foreign aid programs. The Olin Corporation is the world's second largest munitions maker.

These corporations control WU's Board of Trustees. They also control the main banks and insurance companies in St. Louis. They also control Civic Progress, the Chamber of Commerce, and the United Fund.

GENERAL ELECTRIC

Let's take a look at some of the people from outside St. Louis who are Trustees of WU. Clark Clifford is former Secretary of Defense who as much as any other single individual is responsible for the post-war U.S. foreign policy of imperialist intervention. He drafted the Truman Doctrine which set the precedent for interventions throughout and which led ultimately to the present right-wing military dictatorship in Greece.

James Killian is President of the MIT Corporation, the university that contributes more than any other to the military system. He is also the man who started the Institute for Defense Analysis, and is on the Boards of AT&T, Cabot Corp., and General Motors.

Or Howard Morgens, President of Proctor and Gamble, who is on the Boards of Standard Oil of New Jersey, General Motors, Owen Corning Fiberglass and Morgan Guaranty Trust.

Why do men like these bother to control universities? What do they hope to get from them? Universities perform functions that are essential to the operation of giant corporations – they train the engineers, scientists, lawyers, and executives without which the corporations could not continue to function. Universities provide much of the research without which corporations could not develop new products. And through ROTC, universities train military officers, without which the substantial foreign interests of these corporations would not be protected.

Now let's get back to the main point. When we talked about ending the war in southeast Asia, we have to talk about changing the system that caused it. It is a system by which a small group of very powerful people and corporations make most of the important decisions that determine how we and just about everyone else in the world will live. And they make those decisions on the basis of what will be profitable for them, not on the basis of what people need to live more satisfying lives. It is a system of luxury for the few and misery for the many. Imperialism, pollution and war are all natural outgrowths of this system – they are the hidden costs that we all end up paying. To talk about ending the war without fundamentally changing the system that leaves so much power in the hands of so few is to talk about curing cancer with morphine – it may eliminate some of the most disturbing symptoms, but it will most surely not cure the disease that will eventually lead to death.

What we need to be doing is not looking to Congress to make changes they cannot and will not make but to be building a strong community-based anti-corporate movement – against corporations that are imperialist; against corporations that pollute the environment; against corporations that exploit blacks, women and white male workers; against corporations that exploit consumers. Little by little we're beginning to understand who makes the decisions and who has the power, we're beginning to identify the proper targets. *Our business is to build that movement.*

Senator Eagleton talked about the ray of hope he saw because 20 Senators are now ready to vote for McGovern's proposal to end the war while a year ago only 10 would have. I also see a ray of hope, and I want to end by talking about that.

The ray of hope I see are the beautiful actions going on at the 200 schools that are on strike across the country. The ray of hope I see are the people in the streets of Champaign-Urbana saying, despite the presence of National Guard troops and a dusk to dawn curfew that ILLIAC IV will not be built, that the Defense Department will not get a new and more powerful computer to build new more sophisticated and more powerful weapons to destroy revolutionary stuggles in the Third World. I see a ray of hope because people in the streets of Carbondale are saying, despite the presence of National Guard troops, that there will not be a Vietnamese Studies Center to develop new and more effective ways to keep the people of Southeast Asia under our imperialist thumb. I see a ray of hope because there are people trying to shut down MIT and Stanford and the Institute for Defense Analysis. I see a ray of hope because there is research going on around the country about the role that corporations play in exploiting us and controlling our lives, about who has power and how they use it. And I see a ray of hope because people here and across the country are moving to smash ROTC.

POSTBELLUM
Incense Candles
Pipes Visit Our Head Shop For: Jewelry
Vests Belts
219 S. Florissant

Gypsy Cowboy
Leather Clothes
Jeans & Pants
Shirts and Polos
Shoes-Boots-Moccasins
Dresses-Skirts
Jewelry-Hats
401 N. Euclid St. Louis, Mo.

Give Imperialism A Chance

By Devereaux Kennedy

The reaction to the Amerikan invasion of Cambodia and the Kent State murders has crystalized an inherent split in the anti-war movement. It has become clear there are two anti-war movements in Amerika, not one.

One movement is dedicated to "peace at any price," the other is committed to revolutionary social change by any means necessary. The first sees the Amerikan government's tactic of large scale military violence in Indo-China as a fault they are trying to correct; the second sees the Amerikan government itself as its enemy and the institutions and values which that government preserves at home and exports abroad as basically evil and corrupt. The first is a peace movement, the second is a revolutionary struggle.

The peace movement reacted to the Cambodian invasion and the Kent State killings by trying to use congress as a tool for curbing the powers of the President. It accordingly challenged the legality of the President's Cambodian invasion, arguing that constitutionally such a move should not have been made without the consent of congress. Dove senators proposed two amendments to the Military Sales Act, both directed at using the congressional power of the purse to insure that no further major military action is taken without consent of congress.

The peace movement has chosen these amendments as the focal points of its campaign. These people have organized canvassing expeditions to elicit voter response favorable to the amendments, manned a congressional lobby in their favor, and promised to work in the fall election campaigns for those candidates who favored the amendments. The peace movement views the Vietnamese war as a tragic error in Amerikan foreign policy rather than as a sign that there is anything inherently wrong with the Amerikan system itself.

The peace movement can be attacked on several grounds. Its major rallying point has been that it is bringing anti-war activity off the campus and into the community. What it in fact does is channel the activities of people who have begun to challenge basic Amerikan values and institutions back into the system. The peace movement has been commended for this noble venture by such well known advocates of world peace as Herbert Klein and Lawrence O'Brien.

Klein, press secretary to Richard Nixon, has said he is heartened by recent developments on the campus because moderates opposed to violence and committed to working within the existing system have taken control from the radicals. O'Brien, Post Master General under Lyndon Johnson, leader of the Johnson campaign to defeat Eugene McCarthy, and director of the floor fight to defeat the "Peace Plank" in the Democratic convention of 1968, has opened the Democratic party's treasury to those in the peace movement who will work for Democratic candidates in the fall. Could it be that these men know something the peace canvassers don't?

Yet it has not been men like Klein and O'Brien but the leaders of the peace movement itself who have been most adamant about separating their activity from that of the radicals. From the "hair-cut in" at San Jose State to the "working people don't like groovy clothes" students at Washington U., the moderate students and their faculty and administration allies have been nearly unanimous in their covert and overt condemnation of radical politics and life style. Canvassers across the nation have gone to great lengths to dissociate themselves from campus militants. They have been instructed to avoid discussions of local issues or potentially explosive topics like the relationship between industry and the military, and to concentrate upon the unconstitutional nature of the President's extension of the war into Cambodia without the consent of congress.

This emphasis brings us to the peace movement's major weakness, which is the utter bankruptcy of the congressional bills its campaign is built around. Work within the system could be justified if such work could bring about needed change. But the Cooper-Church and McGovern-Hatfield amendments (the whole focus of the peace movement at the present time) are excellent examples of how even the most liberal elements in the Amerikan political system fail to deliver the goods. Both the so called "end the war" bills are amendments to the Military Sales Act.

The Foreign Military Sales Act authorizes the production and sale of "defense" facilities and equipment to "friendly" countries when "the President finds that the furnishing of defense articles and defense services to such country . . . will strengthen the security of the United States . . ."

Specifically the act in 1969 authorized the expenditure of seventy-five million dollars for armaments in Latin America and forty million in Africa, exclusive of training costs. Total expenditures under the act last year ran close to three hundred million dollars and this year's allocations should run much higher. Neither of the so called "End the War" amendments call for repeal of the Military Sales Act itself. The Cooper-Church amendment would forbid the use of funds authorized by the act to support Amerikan troops in Cambodia after June 30, 1970, unless congress declared war. The Hatfield-McGovern amendment calls for the withdrawal of "all United States military personnel from Vietnam no later than June 30, 1971, unless the congress by joint resolution approves a finding by the President that an additional stated period of time is required to insure the safety of such personnel during the withdrawal process."

Neither bill attacks the President's war policy. Both amendments merely call upon the President to consult with congress before extending his announced deadlines for the end of Amerikan military operations in Cambodia and the conclusion of phase one of the Vietnamization program. The Foreign Military Sales Act itself is the lifeblood of the military aspect of U.S. imperialism. Not only will the act provide the funds to buy the arms which will be used to combat liberation forces in Vietnam, Laos, Cambodia, and Thailand, but in the rest of the world as well. Passage of the McGovern-Hatfield and the Cooper-Church amendments will assure the almost unanimous passage of the Military Sales Act.

By working for the amendments rather than for the defeat of the act itself, the peace movement is in fact supporting Amerikan imperialism and militarism rather than opposing it. Thus looking at things in the light of liberal optimism (that is assuming that by some miracle both the amendments pass) the most massive peace campaign in the recent history of Amerika will have resulted in the passage of the most expensive and most militarist bill in history. That is why radicals maintain that when you work through the system, even when you win you lose.

It is clear that a "peace" movement which ties itself to the imperialism of existing political institutions is doomed to failure, and that only revolutionary struggle can end the war and combat the forces behind it.

Yippie

By Paul Fletcher
Minister of Insanity
Youth International Party

The people at the Park finally came together on Sunday, June 7th, with Rush blaring out "You know what you can do with your fucking war," while red smoke-bombs filled the Pavillion's air with beautiful red smoke. Over a thousand freeks were dancing, raising clenched fists, and digging every revolutionary minute of it (even an Amerikan flag went to ashes). A new head community was born that day with Free Music, Free Food, and even some Electric Pineapple being passed around. While the hard hats marched in St. Louis showing their support for Nixon and his Death Machine, an alternative was offered at the Park: LIFE!

Well, things are finally happening in St. Louis. We're going to have a heavy summer with the Grateful Dead, Flock, Blue Cheer, Creedence Clearwater Revival, and others saying they're going to play in the Park for Free. Let's hope they keep their promise and serve the people in OUR Park.

All this far out stuff happening didn't come off with us Yippies sitting on our asses staying constantly stoned — we stayed constantly stoned but we moved. Stay stoned, but move and move fast cause we're running out of time before total repression comes down on the freeks. The Blacks will tell you what repression is and how long it's come down on them. But people all over aren't taking repression. They're rising up angry to show the monster that power lies in the people.

Last month the pigs stopped our music at the Park. Around two hundred people rose up angry and marched to the Zoo where the "complaints of loud noise" allegedly came from. Two of our brothers were busted.

The next Sunday we gave away Free Food. There are two reasons for this: 1) The prices in the concession stand were too high for us freeks to pay; and 2) Free Food (as well as free anything) helps build our culture and community. The boycott was pretty successful and the pig who runs the concession stand didn't like it. So the pigs came to break us up. One of our brothers was grabbed by the pigs but another brother pushed the pig away, eventually leading to the escape of our other brother. RIGHT ON!

On Thursday, May 21, nine representatives of the YOUTH INTERNATIONAL PARTY (YIPPIE!) went to Louis (Uncle Buck$$$) Buckowitz's office and presented him with this letter:

"Dear Mr. Louis Buckowitz:

In a most humble plea we are asking only two requests:

1) A permit allowing music to be played on Sundays at Forest Park in the Pavillion.

2) The lowering of prices in the concession stand in the Pavillion.

These requests are very reasonable ones. Tensions run high in this country. Violence occurs when the cries of youth are not heard. Please hear our cries!

Signed, Youth International Party"

Buckowitz (head of Forest Park), a few other officials and park policeman, Doyle H. Strange, (that's his name, no shit) met with us freeks and told us no! We were told that the freeks at the Pavillion kept respectable people away, our music bothers everybody (including Lions, Tigers and Bears), and they wanted to keep us freeks from congregating, Uncle Buck$$$ really doesn't like Us! As far as the concession stand goes, Uncle Buck$$$ says he has nothing to say about it cause the guy who runs it controls it. As we left, we thanked everybody and gave a big YIP YIP YIPPIE!!!

That Friday we even got front page coverage in the Post Dispatch. They described us as "flower children." But they didn't mention that Flower Children have grown thorns and learned a lot lately — like how to shoot guns.

Washington University Legal Defense Fund will be showing Battle of Algiers at two and four o'clock on Sunday July 19th. Buy advance tickets from Legal Defense Fund C/O English Dept. Washington U. 63130. For more information call VO 3-0100 ext. 4953.

That Sunday we announced our own plans for a June 7th Rock Concert (bring your own rocks), and we gave Free Food again. We had lots of fun and we got turned on to some real good killer weed.

On Memorial Day weekend half the Yippies went to the incident at Kickapoo Creek, while the other half stayed for the weekly struggle in the park. Both groups were HIGHly successful. At the park the concession stand closed down because the freeks wouldn't pay the high prices. At Kickapoo Creek about a hundred thousand freeks lived the hectic days of music, dope, mud and confusion in happiness.

No pigs were around so it was total freedom. By the way, you don't have to pay to get in if you sneak in. The concession stands there charged high prices too, (1$ cigarrettes, 1$ sundaes, 30¢ doughnut). We didn't boycott them — we ripped them off. Right on! People lived their culture at Kickapoo Creek . . . but we have a long way to go.

All this led up to the 7th. Around 11 am some freeks decided the pig barricades kept the PEOPLE out of the PEOPLES PARK. Its really outasight to see long-haired brothers and sisters stomping on a pig symbol with big grins on their faces! It was even funnier seeing the pigs trying to put up broken barricades. Then the high energy music of the Rush came on, followed by Morning and then Stage. Power to the bands that serve the people!!!

This is for all you freeks that haven't found the revolutionary light: You better see the repression coming down on you before its too late or you won't be stoned for long. You'll be like Timothy Leary and John Sinclair, in jail. Sinclair got ten years for two joints. Our whole culture will die off if we don't rise up and do something.

And if we want to make a true PEOPLE'S PARK we need your support. The pigs who sit back and run this city aren't gonna sit back and let us have OUR music and OUR culture. They're gonna put up a fight. But we have to put up a stronger fight. We are the people and power lies with the people. We've all got to get together and work together — by sharing food and other goodies, by realizing our purpose on the planet, by standing side by side to protect and defend what we want and what we need! YOU ARE EITHER PART OF THE PROBLEM OR PART OF THE SOLUTION!

The YOUTH INTERNATIONAL PARTY / WHITE PANTHER PARTY Always has a program to serve the people (stp). Coming this summer:

1. The fantastic bands coming up
2. STREET SHEET — a weekly leaflet on coming events and news to tell the people whats happening in St. Louis.
3. Festival of life with music workshops
4. Building a together community of freeks and a real PEOPLE'S PARK.
5. AND MANY MORE FUN SURPRISES!

Let's all keep coming to the park, dancin, sharin etc. And lets have a heavy summer. YIPPIE!

OUTLAW 16

Anti-War G.I.s Hit Armed Forces Day

Support for U.S. aggression in Indochina is often solicited under the guise of "supporting our boys" in the army, yet throughout the country guys in the army are joining the anti-war movement and making it clear that the best way to "support" them is to stop the war and smash the military establishment. Opposition from within the military has reached such heights that this year's Armed Forces Day "celebrations" had to be cancelled at over twenty bases due to GI opposition. Here is a rundown of some of the events that took place on Armed Forces Day:

Fort Dix

Fort Dix, New Jersey – Rally was held and an attempt was made by anti-war civilians and GI's to march on the base. The Fort was completely closed down with all GI's restricted.

Fort Meade

Forte Meade, Maryland – GI's held a march and rally with civilians near the base despite restriction and intimidation from the brass.

Fort Benning

Fort Benning, Georgia – GI's and civilians attended a mock trial of the army. It was found guilty of an illegal war. General at the base announced that he was offering a three-day weekend pass to anyone that turns in a person distributing *Rap!*, the base underground paper.

Fort Riley

Fort Riley, Kansas – A rally was held and copies of *AWOL Press*, a GI paper, were passed out.

Chanute Air Force Base

Chanute AFB, Illinois – A mock trial of the army was held by GI's and attended by guys from the AFB as well as from Fort Knox.

Grand Forks Air Force Base

Grand Forks AFB, North Dakota – GI's and GI Wives for Peace held a coffee house and an anti-ABM missile demonstration.

Grissom Air Force Base

Grissom Air Force Base, Indiana – The GI's leafletting on the post went well on the first day but the next day a rally was attacked by local right wingers with clubs who had been encouraged by the local press to come and break up the rally.

Fort McClellan

Fort McClellan, Alabama – GI's held the city's first anti-war demonstration in history despite repression from the brass and right wing elements in the community.

Charleston Naval Base

Charleston Naval Base, South Carolina – First rally ever held in the area attracted many GI's and civilians despite repression.

Fort Ord

Fort Ord, California – 4000 civilians and GI's marched to the main gate chanting "Free the Fort Ord 40,000." Repression included a post regulation banning the use of "V" or clenched fist sign on the post whether in or out of uniform and whether on or off duty.

Barksdale Air Force Base

Barksdale AFB, Louisiana – GI's held a festival of life and workshops despite the local radio saying that the festival had been called off.

Fort Hood

Fort Hood, Texas – A rally and march, consisting almost entirely of GI's was held in the town of Killeen. Rally was hassled, but many townspeple showed new interest and sympathy for the action. Depending on the unit, guys were put on alert, given extra-duty, and told they'd better not attend.

Camp Pendleton

Camp Pendleton, California – GI's held a rally and march despite being put on restriction, extra duty, and being told to stay away depending on unit.

Fort Bragg

Fort Bragg, North Carolina – Largest anti-war demonstration at any base featured speeches by Jane Fonda, Mark Lane, and Rennie Davis as well as many anti-war GI's.

Fort Devens

Fort Devens, Massachusetts – GI's and civilians held a picnic and kicked off a new GI paper, *Morning Report*.

In addition, Armed Forces Day Observances were cancelled at: Altus AFB, Oklahoma; Fort Rucker, Alabama; Phoenix City, Alabama; Andrews AFB, Virginia; Fort Polk, Louisiana; Quantico, Virginia; Goldsboro, North Carolina; Key West, Florida; McDill AFB, Florida; and many other locations.

Information compiled from GI anti-war newspapers.